

N/

THE
Spartan Dame.
A
TRAGEDY.
As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE,

BY
His MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mr. SOUTHERNE.

Pellex ego facta Sororis. Ovid. Meta. Lib. 6.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. CHETWOOD at *Cato's-Head*, in
Russel-street, Covent-Garden; and T. JAUNCY
at the *Angel* without *Temple-Bar*. 1719.

(Price Eighteen-pence.)

[Where may be had a correct Edition (just Publish'd) of
Mr. Southern's *Fatal Marriage*, or the *Innocent Adultery*.

Spencer's

TRAGEDY

THE

OF

His Majesty's

By

and

The

Printed for

at the

(Printed for)

Where may be had a



TO HIS GRACE the
Duke of *ARGYLE*
and *GREENWICH*, &c.



Acknowledgments are the only Effects that are expected to be produc'd from a poetical Estate, towards the Payment of our Debts.

The Success of the *Spartan Dame* has been so extraordinary, that the Income of her Reputation has enabled me to pay down some of those Acknowledgments for the many Favours, which I have receiv'd from Your Grace : I have ever thought it one of the greatest, that I have been allow'd to be so frequently near Your Grace's Person, where I have had those great Qualities to admire, which have so universally distinguish'd You, at Home, and Abroad, to be of the first Names in *Europe*.

The Dedication.

Your forward Valour in War was very early known to the World; and Your Conduct in it, to the last, has been no less Illustrious. *Flanders, Spain, and Scotland*, have been the Scenes of Your Actions, in the highest Ranks of the Army; and so long as those Wars remain recorded in Story, Your Name will be remembred with Honour.

The whole Course of Your Life has been carry'd on in the same Spirit and Vigour. The Court, and Camp, Cabinet, and Senate, have been all, on different Occasions, Witnesses of Your eminent Abilities, and Publick Virtues; as Your generous Protection of Your Friends, and engaging Courtesy to all Mankind, are daily Instances of Your private Virtues.

My Lord, such heroick Merit, such useful Accomplishments, and such agreeable Manners, have justly made Your Grace esteem'd a most Noble and most Worthy Patron. I am,

May it please Your Grace,

Your ever Oblig'd, and

most Obedient Humble Servant,

Tho. Southerne.




P R E F A C E.



HIS Tragedy was begun a Year before the Revolution, and near four Acts written without any View, but upon the Subject, which I took from the Life of Agis in Plutarch. Many things interfering with those Times, I laid by what I had written for seventeen Years: I shew'd it then to the late Duke of Devonshire, who was in every regard a Judge; he told me, he saw no Reason why it might not have been acted the Year of the Revolution: I then finish'd it, and, as I thought, cut out the exceptionable Parts, but could not get it acted, not being able to persuade my self to the cutting off those Limbs which I thought essential to the Strength and Life of it: But since I found it must pine in Obscurity without it, I consented to the Operation; and after the Amputation of every Line, very near the Number of Four Hundred, it stands on its own Legs still, and by the Favour of the Town, and indulging Assistance of Friends, has come successfully forward upon the Stage.


PRO-



PROLOGUE

By Mr. FENTON.

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER.

HEN Realms are ravag'd with invasive Foes,
Each Bosom with heroick Ardor glows;
Old Chiefs, reflecting on their former Deeds,
Disdain to rust with batter'd Invalides;
But active in the foremost Ranks appear,
And leave young smock-fac'd Beaux to guard the Rear,
So, to repel the Vandals of the Stage,
Our Vet'ran Bard resumes his Tragick Rage:
He throws the Gauntlet Orway us'd to wield,
And calls for Englishmen to judge the Field:
Thus arm'd, to rescue Nature from Disgrace,
Messieurs! lay down your Minstrells, and Grimace:
The brawniest Youths of Troy the Combat fear'd,
When old Entellus in the Lists appear'd.
Yet what avails the Champion's Giant Size,
When Pigmies are made Umpires of the Prize?
Your Fathers (Men of Sense, and honest Bowlers)
Disdain'd the Mummery of foreign Strollers:
By their Examples wou'd you form your Taste,
The present Age might emulate the past.
We hop'd that Art and Genius had secur'd you;
But soon facetious Harlequin allur'd you:
The Muses blush'd, to see their Friends exalting
Those elegant Delights of Figg, and Vaulting;

PROLOGUE.

*So charm'd you were, you ceas'd a while to doat
On Nonsense, gargl'd in an Eunuch's Throat.
All pleas'd to hear the chattering Monsters speak
As old Wives wonder at the Parson's Greek.
Such light Ragousts and Mushrooms may be good,
To whet your Appetites for wholesome Food:
But the bold Britton ne'er in earnest dines
Without substantial Haunches, and Surloins.
In Wit, as well as War, they give us Vigour;
Cressy was lost by Kickshaws, and Soupe meagre.
Instead of light Deserts, and luscious Froth,
Our Poet treats to Night with Spartan Broth;
To which, as well as all his former Feasts,
The Ladies are the chief-invited Guests.
Crown'd with a kind of Glassenbury Bays,
That bloom amid the Winter of his Days;
He comes, ambitious in his green Decline,
To consecrate his Wreath at Beauty's Shrine:
His Oronooko never fail'd to engage
The radiant Circles of the former Age:
Each Bosom heav'd, all Eyes were seen to flow,
And sympathize with Isabella's Woe:
But Fate reserv'd, to crown his elder Fame,
The brightest Audience for the Spartan Dame.*



Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|--|------------------------------------|
| Leonidas, | { A King of <i>Sparta</i> , driven
{ out by the People. | } Mr. Mills. |
| Cleombrotus, | { Attains the Kingdom
{ by the Expulsion of
{ <i>Leonidas</i> , marry'd to
{ <i>Celona</i> , but in Love
{ with her Sister <i>Thelamia</i> . | } Mr. Booth. |
| Eurytion, | { Husband to <i>Thelamia</i> ,
{ of <i>Leonidas</i> 's Party. | } Mr. Wilks. |
| Agefilaus, | { The <i>Ephorus</i> , an Incen-
{ diary of the People a-
{ gainst <i>Leonidas</i> , and fast
{ to the Interest of <i>Cle-</i>
{ ombrotus. | } Mr. Corey. |
| Lysander,
Zenocles, | { Side with <i>Leonidas</i> . | } Mr. Thurmond.
} Mr. Williams. |
| Mandrocles,
Thracion, | { Side with <i>Cleombrotus</i> . | } Mr. Will. Mills.
} Mr. Oates. |
| Crites, | Husband to <i>Byzantke</i> . | Mr. Cibber. |
| Celona, | { Or <i>Chelonis</i> , marry'd to
{ <i>Cleombrotus</i> . | } Mrs. Oldfield. |
| Thelamia, | { Her Sister, Wife to <i>Eu-</i>
{ rytion. | } Mrs. Porter. |
| Euphemia, | { Another Sister in <i>Dita-</i>
{ na's Temple. | } Mrs. Seal. |
| Byzantke, | Wife to <i>Crites</i> . | Mrs. Garnet. |

SCENE *Sparta*.

Citizens, Guards, Gentlemen, and Attendants.



THE
SPARTAN DAME.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Agefilaus, Mandrocles, and Cleon.

Agef.



ROPOSE 'em as the Business of
the Day.

They'll take up all our Time.

Cleon. I wo not fail. [Exit.]

Agef. Then he's a King.

Mand. The Change will mend us all.

Cleombrotus and Thracion to 'em.

Cleom. The Harvest of our Hopes at last is come,
Rich in a Crop that will reward the Toil;
A plenteous Crop, to fill the Reaper's Hand,
And with the Binder's Sheaves, load every Barn.

Agef. Then let us not stand idle; *Mandrocles*
And *Thracion*, you must to your several Posts.

B

Cleom

Cleom. Summon our Friends, and lead our Parties to
The *Hippodrome*: We shall have need of you.

Tbra. You sha'not want us long.

Mand. We wo'not fail you.

Ages. I am the Engineer to fire the Senate;
The Flame must break out there.

Cleom. I follow you!

If we succeed, a King shall thank your Loves! [*Exeunt.*]

Celona to Cleombrotus.

Cleom. *Celona* here! my Wife!

Celo. Your loving Wife.

Cleom. You're early up to Day.

Celo. My Bed, my Lord,

Has no more Charms for me, when you are gone.

Cleom. Dress'd sooner too than usual.

Celo. My Beauties,

Such as they are, are honest, and my own;
They go to Bed with me, with me they rise,
And need not many Hours in putting on.
Besides, for me to court my Morning Glass,
And practise Looks, were Loss of Time indeed.
I am already what the Vanity
Of a fond dressing Pride, in all its height,
And Wantonness of Expectation,
Can raise my Wishes to; I am your Wife,
Most honour'd in that Title; and despise
The Applause and Breath of any other Praise,
Than of my Vertue, and Obedience now.

Cleom. Hear this, you libelling Marriage-mortifiers!
You unhous'd, lawless, rambling Libertines!
Senseless of any Charms in Love, beyond
The Prostitution of a common Bed,
Lewdly enjoy'd, and loath'd: hear, hear, and kneel
Before this Shrine, repent, and all get Wives;
That from the healthy Constitution
Of your own chaste Endearments, you may guess
At what I feel, too mighty for my Tongue.

Celo.

The SPARTAN DAME. 3

Celo. O! stop not here, my list'ning Soul is charm'd
Into my Ears, and dies upon the Sound.
Of ev'ry Word, soft as a Lover's Wish,
And I cou'd hear you ever.

Cleom. O my fair One!
There is a Story, but I have not time
Now to inform thee in it——

Celo. O my Fears! [*Aside.*

Cleom. That will delight thee.

Celo. Your Words always do.

Cleom. Ay, but these Words carry strong Sense indeed,
A sovereign Sense.

Celo. The Meaning is too plain.

Cleom. I'll not anticipate thy Happiness,
By telling what you will so quickly find:
But raise your Wishes high, mount your Desires
On bold Ambition's Wing; whose airy Flight
Shoots thro' the Clouds, to mingle with the Stars.
When next we meet, I shall behold thee——

Celo. A miserable Woman. [*Going after him.*

Cleom. How, *Celona*!

Celo. O my *Cleombrotus*! my Lord, my Life!
What Furies urge you on this desp'rate Course,
That leads to certain Ruin?

Cleom. Whither wou'dst thou?

Celo. I fear'd indeed before, but now I find
The *Ephori*, those Fiends of popular Pow'r,
By damning Spells have wrought upon your Soul,
Seduc'd you into a Combination
Of their black Plots against *Leonidas*: ——
Why do you turn away?

Cleom. O! I must leave you.

Celo. I am your self, my Lord.

Cleom. Pray let me go.

Celo. Half of your self, your Wife.

Cleom. You are my Wife.

Celo. And in that Right I speak, and shou'd be heard.
My Fame must live but in your Chronicle:

4 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

And as your Actions shew to After-times,
My Memory will be honour'd, or despis'd;
Therefore I speak, and therefore must be heard.

Cleom. Then I must hear you.

Celo. Suffer not, my Lord,
The industrious Malice of our Histories,
To take the Advantage of a Crime like this,
To stain the glorious Story of our Lives,
And curse our Names to late Posterity.

Cleom. Thou wou'dst not have me stand a Looker on,
Behold the strongest Hand carry the Prize
Of Empire from my Hopes?

Celo. My Soul disdains
The Weakness of that Thought: No, no, my Lord,
I wou'd not have you tame at such a time;
Boldly assert the Cause of Majesty;
For yours is the Succession.

Cleom. What I do
Is to secure it mine. *[A Servant enters.]*

Serv. Crites, my Lord, attends you. *[Goes out.]*

Cleom. Pray retire, and in this Confidence, that all
my Actions
Shall wait upon my Honour.

Celo. That's my Hope;
Your Honour must engage you to the King:
And in that Hope I leave you. *[Exit.]*

Cleom. Tender, and Chaste, and Fair! nay, she was
once

The boasted Pride, and Judgment of my Choice:
So she was thought, and so I valu'd her:
But she's my Wife—and nothing but a Wife,
With all her Charms, cou'd have been stale so soon!

[Crites enters behind him.]

O Curse of Marriage! Plenty makes its Wants;
And what was meant Love's Food, starves all its
Joys:

The Feasts come quicker than our Appetites:
Yet forcing Nature still, at last we cloy,
And surfeit ev'n to loathing.

Crit.

The SPARTAN DAME.

Crit. My good Lord,
Thelamia may restore—

Cleom. My Health, my Life,
She only can, my *Crites*. O that Sound!
The very Mention of *Thelamia's* Name,
Like a strong Philter, rages in my Veins,
Shoots thro' the boiling Channels of my Blood,
Up to my Heart; then with fresh Fury fed,
Strikes at my Brain, where forming Fancy sits,
Divining Pleasures in *Thelamia's* Arms!
Which thou, and I, in all our Search of Love,
And Riots in Experience of the Sex,
Cou'd ne'er find out in any other Woman:
O! she is excellent, and in that Thought,
I must enjoy her.

Crit. She's *Eurytion's* now.
The Priest but Yesterday receiv'd their Vows,
Their mutual Vows, bless'd 'em, and made 'em One.

Cleom. How! made 'em One! O! that the cunning Priest
Had conjur'd Us together! made Us One!
Incorporated Body, Blood, and Life,
Our Spirits mix'd, and Love been all our Soul!
Then I had been his Votary for ever.

What's to be done? Speak thou who can'st advise.
Crit. She's your Wife's Sister.

Cleom. That's a Name indeed
Too distant from my Hopes.

Crit. Than best forgotten.
She knows your Love.

Cleom. She must have known it long,
But warily affects an Ignorance
That flies the Notice of it.

Crit. She perhaps
Mistakes it only for a Brother's Love.

Cleom. No, no, she knows me, and my Meaning
well—

Crit. And flies for Refuge to *Eurytion's* Arms.
She must not 'scape you so. *Eurytion*, Fast

6 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Fast to *Leonidas*, opposes you, and every Way.

Cleom. His Virtue bluntly stands just in my Aim
Of Empire, as of Love.

Crit. Remove him then,
And all your Plots fly sure, point blank, and level
To the very White of your Designs.

Cleom. *Thelamia*, and a Crown!

Crit. They go together.

Cleom. In that only Thought I'll conquer even
Impossibilities : I know the Appearance
Is to Reason, hard. But a King's Love
Shou'd never know Despair.

Crit. Despair! name not the Word. You know,
my Lord,

I'm fortunately for your Service, marry'd
Into *Eurytion's* Family : My Wife
Gives me a Title to their Confidence,
Which I've improv'd, by a professing Zeal,
To such a Reputation, that has been
A Key to all their Counsels. I have serv'd
Your politick Designs, and may assist your Love Af-
fairs.

Cleom. O! there is Life in thee.

Crit. All, Sir, depends
Upon this very Day for the Success. [Shouts
Hark, you are summon'd forth to head the Crowd.
If your Ambition thrive, you have her in your Pow'r.

Cleom. If that shou'd fail,
I wo'not fail my self, Force shall prevail. [Exeunt:

[Shouts, several running cross the Stage.

Lyfander and Zenocles enter.

Lyf. What's to be done? All's in a wild Combustion.

Zen. The People, like a Torrent in its Fall,
Disdaining Opposition, bear down all
Before 'em : Ceremonies, Customs, Rites,

Laws

The SPARTAN DAME.

87

Laws, human and divine ; Orders, and Men
Devoted to the Gods, profan'd, and scorn'd.

Lys. All Quality, Distinction, and Degree
Of Place, or Virtue, swept away, like Rubbish,
By the vile Hands of popular Confusion.

Zen. Our Party in the Senate-House, I thought,
Was strong enough, concluding on those Fools
Of Argument, and Noise, who roar'd for us :
But when it came to Blows, our Orators,
So famous for their Battles at the Bar,
And Victory in Words, sneak'd from their Chairs,
Stinted their Rhet'rick to a single Prayer,
And wish'd us well.

Lys. Slaves ! who, but Minutes since,
Drew down the Terror of loud Laws upon us,
And spoke in Thunder ; now, tho' they see the
Rabble tossing Confusion about our Streets,
Have not the Courage of a *Lictor's* Voice,
To bid 'em keep the Peace.

Zen. *Eurytion* yet stands firm, and constant.

Lys. O'erpower'd by the Multitude,
I saw him retreat towards *Juno's* Temple.

Zen. There the Street is narrow, and may friend
our Purpose well.

Lys. The Example of his Bravery may steel us
To the performance of some glorious Action,
Great as our Cause, becoming honest Men,

[*Crites* with *Euphemia*, enters to 'em.]

Zen. The fair *Euphemia* !

Lys. O ! thou Royal Maid !
No Sanctuary left for Innocence !

Euph. 'Tis fit my Father's Fortune shou'd be mine.

Crit. I've snatch'd this Casket from the common
Spoil,

Worthy the Safeguard of the general Gods :
And, as my Master's Heart is treasur'd here,
Will place her in the Virgin Goddess's Shrine.

Zen.

Zen. The Gods, and good Mens Pray'rs must side
with us. [*Crites with Euphemia go out one way;
Lyfander and Zenocles another.*]

Shouts, several Citizens enter.

1 Cit. Nay, better or worse, as time shall try; but
so it is. Now we shall have the Laws for taking
away our Debts, and dividing Lands. *Lycurgus*, as
you have all heard, was a wise Man, and lov'd the
People. In his Days we were all equal.

2 Cit. Equal! Neighbour, as how? How equal?
pray?

1 Cit. How equal? why — equal in respect of
Equality!

How shou'd it be! that is, one Man as good as an-
other.

2 Cit. Ay, those were Times indeed: but we, and
our Fathers afore us,

Now-a-days, are little better than Rascals, that's the
Truth on't. [*Trumpets flourish.*]

1 Cit. Stand aside: the new King is coming this
Way;

Let's see how his Majesty has alter'd him —

The very same thing still for Courtesie. —

See how he bows, and smiles on every Hand —

Stand close, he'll speak anon.

*Cleombrotus attended. Agesilaus, Mandrocles, and
Thracion, with Lyfander, Zenocles, and Crites,
Prisoners.*

Cleom. My Thanks among you, my most worthy
Friends!

This but begins, what a long happy Reign,

(The Gods and you confirm it long, and happy,)

Shall multiply in Blessings on you all.

Not One of you, who has this Day appear'd

In the Defence of Sparta, and her Laws,

But

But *Sparta* here adopts among her Sons.

Crit. The Sons of *Sparta* now are Slaves indeed.

Cleom. And as her Sons, shall find a Parent's Care
To make you happy, and secure you so,
In all the common Goods of Government.

Omnes. Liberty, Freedom; Liberty in *Sparta*.
[Shouting.]

Cleom. Enough of this. I wou'd entreat you all
To wait me to the Senate-House; there I
Will give the Reasons of my Actions:
Which, when our frighted Senators shall find
Founded on no Designs, but what intend
The publick Weal, our Liberties, and Laws,
And the kind Care of all our People's Peace;
How will they blush for so mistaking me!

Agef. Mistaking you indeed, and all your Ends.

Cleom. *Agésilas*, you are the *Ephorus*,
The People's first chief Magistrate in *Sparta*.

Agef. But you their Champion and Deliverer.

Mand. The Patron of the People's Liberties.

Thras. Their Lives, and Freedoms, all redeem'd
by you.

Cleom. These are high sounding Titles, but the way
To keep 'em mine?

Agef. By passing of the Laws
For cancelling Debts. —

Cleom. And the dividing Lands.

Agef. Sir, cancelling their Debts, at present will
Content 'em: still keep something in your Hands;
Dividing of the Lands may serve a Turn
Another time, and make an After-Game.

Cleom. I am advis'd: lead to the Senate-House.

Agef. Yet e'er you go, begin a Justice here,
Upon the People's, and your Enemies.

Cleom. My Mercy had forgot 'em. *Zenocles*,
And you *Lysander*, what you have advis'd,
And acted against me, I freely pardon.
But as you have betrayed the People's Trust,

C

Being

Being of the *Ephorate*, yet siding with *Leonidas*, against their Interest:

1, in the People's Name, discard you Both
From that high Office; which I will supply
With Men of worthier Note: You *Mandrocles*,
And *Thracion*, shall fill up this Vacancy.

Mand. and Thra. We are your Servants ever.

Zen. We are doom'd.

Lyf. Is there ought else ?

Agf. Release 'em: You are free. But here's a Rogue
Just ripe, and ready for the Hangman's Hands,

Cleom. Thou Firebrand of Fools! what canst thou say
To qualify thy Mischiefs by Excuse, in hopes of Pardon?

Crit. What I did, I did in honest Earnest, and by open Day,

In Duty to the Interest I serv'd :
And now to stammer out a weak Defence,
Can't make me innocent, but wou'd betray
A Fear, that never shall be Part of me.

Cleom. I know thee dangerous; yet since thou hast
Some Virtues, which prefer and place thee near
The Trust, and Bosom of a Man I love,
And wou'd engage, I pardon all that's past,
Eurytion pardons thee: but his Heart scorns
To be oblig'd: and therefore we are forc'd
Not to depend upon him. Forward, Friends. [*Exeunt.*]

Eurytion enters to Lyfander, Zenocles, and Crites.

Crit. Life is not yet become a Burden to me ;
Therefore I offer up, in thankfulness,
To my Preserver, to *Eurytion*,
My Days to come, and their best Services, to wait
upon your Fortune.

Eury. I accept them, and thy Love. Thou truly
gallant Man !

Come to my Arms : and O! embrace him all.
This Spirit seems inspir'd to raise the Hopes of ho-
nest Men, And

The SPARTAN DAME. II

And I obey the Call : no longer then
Be our Hearts Strangers to each others Breasts :
Fearless, and free, we'll interchange our Souls,
Both of the past; and what we may expect from what's
to come.

Zen. What is there to expect?

Lys. Or what can come?

Eury. Let not the Carriage of *Cleombrotus*
Lull us in a supine Security,
Sooth our Credulity to the fond Thought,
That he can pardon us. We are not safe,
Till he be satisfied his Pow'r is so :
And that can't be, but by the Fall of those
Who have appear'd his Enemies.

Crit. And how we stand in his Opinion, is well
known.

Eury. We are not Boys, nor is *Cleombrotus* ;
Whose quick Suspicion, as it will awake
His Fears of us, so let our Reason too
Provide against the Danger of those Fears,
Which always end in Blood.

Crit. For my own part, I value Life, but just as
Life deserves.

Eury. A sudden Thought, but hudled and confus'd,
Unargu'd yet, inspires me with high Hopes,
Which our united Counsels may digest
To a maturity of Growth and Pow'r.

Lys. This Place is much frequented, and too publick
For our present Purpose.

Eury. Pray withdraw with me,
And you shall know the Ground I work upon.
If then you find my Means sufficient
To lead us on in this great Enterprize ;

*Our Dangers, as our Hopes, will be the same,
A Life with Honour, or a Death with Fame* [Exeunt.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Eurytion, with Crites and a Servant, gives a Letter to a Servant, who goes out.

Eury. **T**HESE must with Speed and Safety
be convey'd.
And, *Crites*, in these Tablets, you
will find

The Method I propose in my Design,
Which you must be instructed in: You'll find
Something concern my Wife; let that be kept
A Treasure in thy Heart: for on that Trust
Depends my All.

Crit. I'll keep it as my Heart.

Eury. Things thus dispos'd for our Intelligence,
Nothing that in our Absence passes here,
Can 'scape our quickest Notice.

Crit. Nothing can:

The distance of *Tegaa* from this Place,
Favours our Posts, that may be hourly with you.

Eury. My time grows short: I have a Word or two
For my *Thelamia's* Ear: A farewell Kiss,
Parting with such a Wife, may be allow'd,
And not disgrace my Duty; that Rite pay'd,
Thither I follow too. *[Going.]*

Crit. I know not what,
My staying here behind methinks appears
But an unactive, lazy——

Eury. Pray, no more!

Crit. I wou'd do something for him.

Eury: Your staying here at this time, serves us best.
Besides, *Thelamia* in my Absence may
Need the Protection of thy friendly Care.

Crit. Sir, I have done, and the Charge honours me.

Eury.

The SPARTAN DAME. 13

Eury. Pray *Crites*, tell my Wife — I'll go my self—
But see she meets my way —
The Graces all attending on her Steps —

[*Thelamia enters to him.*

I stood but now superior, and unmov'd,
Ev'n in this Fieth, and Frailty of a Man,
To all the Storms of this bad Under-world,
But wonder at the Virtue of thy Love;
Which, tho' worse Days were to succeed these bad,
Might entertain me thro' long weary Years
Of wretched Life: deceiving all my Cares
In thy dear Arms; forgetting all for thee.

Thel. O thou first Fondness of a Virgin Heart!
How shall my untaught Innocence instruct me?
How tell thee what my Heart wou'd have thee know?

Eury. Thy Eyes inform me, their chaste Beams inspire
And speak in Smiles the Language of thy Heart:
Thy Heart, the Throne of Virtue! where my Peace,
My Happiness, and Life must wait for ever.

Crit. I may provide her better Company. [*Aside.*

Eury. O let me thus transported, view thee still!
Still thus transported touch thee! and each Touch,
As ravishing, as was that furious First,
That gave me the Possession of thy Love,
And made thee mine for ever.

Crit. He grows warm
On the Imagination: I may cool you. [*Aside.*

Thel. Cou'd this but last, my Lord.

Eur. It ever shall.

Thel. I fear the Gods are envious of our Joys.

Eury. Thus thou hast often heard me: all my Words
Thus charm'd, and fitted to thy tender Ear:
As when I look upon thee, my fir'd Heart
Must wanton in the Rapture of thy Praise.
Thus thou hast always found me: but till now,
Ne'er came prepar'd to leave thee. I have told thee
The hard Necessity that presses me,
And by my Absence best will be obey'd.

Thel.

14 The SPARTAN DAME.

Thel. Our Marriage sure was ominous: the Storms
That threatned, and the Face of Things
That frown'd upon its Birth, when we were join'd,
Portend succeeding Mischiefs.

Eury. Not to thee,
My Love? They cannot mean thee any harm:
Safe in thy Innocence, and Sister's Love,
Thy Fears are vain: But I have done those things,
Cleombrotus, tho' I were reconcil'd
To all his Ills, can never pardon me.
Therefore my Safety does advise my Absence now.

Thel. O take me with you then! This is a World
The Weak will suffer in: and who so weak,
As Woman thus expos'd, thus naked left,
Without the Care——

Eury. Thou art my dearest Care.

Thel. Yet I am left behind you——

Eury. Not expos'd:

O! think not so: my *Crites* here, my Friend,
Whose Honesty, and faithful Services
Have so renown'd, is thy Security,
Thy Refuge from all Wrongs.

Crit. Sir, I am bound the Servant of your Fortune.

Thel. He indeed is truly honest: and 'tis some Relief
Of my Misfortunes that he stays behind.

Crit. My Life upon the Trust.

Eury. I know thy Faith.

And farther, *Crites*, let *Bizantbe* know
Her near Relation to my Wife does claim
Her, a Companion of this Solitude, during my Absence.

Thel. Her kind Company will pass away the me-
lancholy Hours.

Crit. Madam, my Wife shall constantly attend you.

Eury. Tho' I am forc'd thus to absent my self
From all I love; I shall contrive some Means,
Some friendly Intervals to visit thee:
But then my Coming must be private, made
A Secret, my own Servants not employ'd.

Crites,

The SPARTAN DAME. 15

Crites, who has my Reasons, will inform you,
At better Leisure, why I thus proceed.

Thel. I have sufficient Reasons in your Will,
A Law to me, and shall be so obey'd.

Eury. He shall be qualify'd from time to time,
To let you know what happens.

Thel. I must hear
Hourly of your Health. I know not why,
Altho' I know you safe in *Crites*' Faith,
Yet still my Heart must tremble in its Fears.

Eury. Only the Tenderneſs of parting Love
Banish all Fears. [Exeunt.]

Crit. Ay, ſo ſays *Crites* too,
Security will ſerve the Turn as well.
Here he diſpoſes in my Hand the Scheme
Of their Deſigns—ſo much for State Affairs—
Then he commits his Wife to the Protection of my
Care,

And certain Honesty. Why thus he ſpares
My Pains, and plays the Game into my Hand.
My Honesty! alas! that has long ſince
Been brib'd by the Ambition of thoſe Hopes,
Cleombrotus muſt raiſe to Growth and Power.
Therefore I am his Slave, and act all Parts,
His Spy in Buſineſs, and in Love his—what?
The Word indeed is coarſe to dainty Ears.
But he that makes his Fortune in this World,
Muſt ſometimes do what he wou'd bluſh to name.
I wou'd not be obſerv'd—the Coaſt is clear—

[Goes to the Door and returns.]

The Commerce of the World will have us ſave
Th' Appearances, and Dreſs of Decency:
We muſt put on thoſe Forms, and Features, which
Reſemble, and come neareſt our Deſign.
All are not born with handſome Faces; then
Mend 'em, the Ladies will adviſe,
Paint to the fair Complexion of the Times,
And hide the natural Deformity.

Whom

16 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Whom have we here? I wou'd observe un-
seen——

*Celona enters with Mandrocles, and Thracion
cringing to her.*

Celo. News of a Crown, and Royal Dignity,
Is worth a Welcome sure from any Hand.
But when such Men——

Thra. The Servants of your Will.

Celo. Such Friends——

Man. Your honour'd, faithful Slaves.

Celo. Such worthy Friends!

Mand. Our Lives, and Interests
Devoted to your Majesty's Command.

Celo. When such as you are the kind Messengers,
How can my Gratitude express my Thanks!

Mand. Madam, the Honour of your Royal Hand——

Thra. O'erpays our Hopes. *[Offering to kiss
her Hand, she puts 'em by.*

Celo. You Brace of courteous, cringing Sycophants!
You double hearted Slaves, and double tongu'd!
Whose hollow Flatteries wou'd win me to
Your rotten Sides, only to prop your Pride.
Avaunt! be gone! But that I scorn, detest
All the Advantages of Place, or Pow'r,
Such despicable, wretched Instruments
Can raise my Fortune to, you shou'd not scape
The common Hangman's Hands—— my Thoughts
are bent

On Matters more importing than your Death.
But fly in time, hated, and curs'd be gone:
For if you tempt me longer by your stay,
This Dagger shall reward your Villanies.

[Drives 'em off.

How I abhor the odious sight of 'em!

[Crites comes forward.

But here comes one, an honest-hearted Man,
And welcome to my Eyes.

Crit.

The SPARTAN DAME. 17

Crit. Madam, you seem
Disturb'd at something; what can be the Cause?

Celo. A Trifle, *Crites*, at the first despis'd,
But now forgot: My Sister is within?
Pray let her know I'm here.

Crit. I'm proud to serve you. [Exit]

Celo. Oh! that I cou'd recall the Innocence
Of yesterday: then there were Halcyon Calms!
What a Tranquility, and Peace of Mind,
Employ'd the Hours in Comforts o'er my Days!
My full Content sat smiling on my Brow,
And laughing in my Heart: now fled far off.

Eurytion with Thelamia and Crites.

Eury. Once more farewell, 'tis hard to part with
thee,
But part we must: now, *Crites*, I am gone.

[Exit with Crites.]

Celo. I did not think, *Thelamia*, that your Husband
Cou'd pass thus coldly by: methought his Eyes
Were cautious of me, and at distance held,
Glanc'd on me the Suspicion of his Fears.

Thel. Oh! do not blame *Eurytion*, tax not him
Of any Fault, but charge it where it is.

Celo. I bring along with me a Sister's Love;
Wou'd have it so believ'd, and so return'd:
No Spy upon his Actions.

Thel. You are rais'd
A Partner of that Power he has oppos'd.
From that Reflection, Sister, you must find
My Lord's Excuse; who, banish'd from himself,
And driven from the Temper of his Soul,
The natural Disposition of his Love,
Compell'd and forc'd, appears thus chang'd and cold.

Celo. Oh Sister! can a Lady show herself
To more Advantage, than in pleading thus
A Husband's Cause? Yet that I am deny'd.

18 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

O! 'tis a Theme for the *Athenian* Song;
And fits the Virtue of a *Spartan* Wife.

Cleombrotus with Agesilaus to 'em.

Thel. Here comes the King.

Celo. Are you turn'd Courtier too?

Ages. He must have chang'd his Purpose, else he
had

Faln into their Ambush.

Cleom. I am pleas'd

His Flight has scap'd 'em: to *Tegaa* I know he's
gone,

Some two Hours hence I shall have Business ripe
For your Advice.

Ages. My Duty shall attend your Majesty.

[Exit.

Thel. 'Tis fit I leave you.

Celo. I wou'd have you stay.

Cleom. Oh, Madam, are you found? This is a
Place

I'm pleas'd to find you in.

Celo. I'm glad you're pleas'd.

Cleom. I come, *Thelamia*, as a Brother ought to
visit you.

Thel. That Title of your Love makes all my Hap-
piness.

Cleom. I know your Heart is full of Fears, that
your soft, gentle Sex,

The Disposition of your Natures takes

More dangerous Impressions of your Fears,

Than Bodies stronger form'd; therefore I come

Like a kind Brother——

Thel. Heaven grant he prove no more!

Cleom. I know, in the Obligation of your Blood,
And as becomes the Office of your Love,

You have already told her——

Celo. Told her, Sir!

Cleom.

The SPARTAN DAME. 19

Cleom. Ay, given her all those kind Assurances--

Celo. Of what, my Lord?

Cleom. Of me and of my Fortune:

Which, as my Friends shall still command, she may Expect an ample Share in.

Celo. That Subject, Sir, you best can speak upon.

Cleom. You shou'd have done it.

Celo. What Power had I?

Cleom. You know my Power is yours;
Besides, it must have been a grateful Theme.

Celo. I thought not so.

Cleom. How! 'twou'd have pleas'd you sure?

Celo. Far otherwise.

Cleom. I thought it might have pleas'd you.

Celo. No, I do not understand it.

Cleom. That's strange.

Celo. Nor care to be instructed.

Cleom. This proceeds from some more subtle Cause.

Celo. From a plain Truth:

Nor do I understand how I can give
Her more Assurances, than I myself
Can take from your new Fortune.

Cleom. That indeed

You cannot well; She has a Sister's Claim,
But you're the Mistress of it, and my Queen.

Come, come, no more of this Indifference,
This Coldness misbecomes your present State,
It looks like Envy of your Happiness,
Which only Fools inflict upon themselves.

Celo. All Arguments are unavailing now,
Tedious and from the Purpose; and to ask
Why you have thus proceeded, cannot change
The Nature of the Action, or undo
What is already done.

Cleom. Grant that, and then
We must look forward, where the opening Scene
Discloses Nature, elegantly dress'd,

20 *The* SPARTAN DAME.

To welcome us in her inviting Arms:
We have that glorious Prospect now in view,
To turn and wonder at the slippery Paths,
The heavy Steps, the difficult Degrees,
By which we rose, were to deny ourselves
Those Pleasures, which invited first our Hopes,
And wou'd reward our Pains. No, Madam, no—

Celo. Oh! Sister, witness to my Virtue now,
Which tempted thus, thus courted to a Throne,
And by the Man, who has all Charms for me,
Stands yet resolv'd.

Thel. Of what?

Cleom. Resolv'd!

Celo. Oh, Sir, were it a Task for every common
Strength

To undertake, it were no Part for me:
But loving as I do, and so belov'd!
Prosperity inviting every Sense,
With various Arts, to unprovide my Mind!
What but a Spartan Spirit can sustain
The Shock of such Temptations; thus resolve
To leave the Comforts of your Bed and Throne,
And live a Mourner for a Husband's Crimes

Cleom. How! How! *Celona!* wou'd *Thelamia* e'er
Have us'd *Eurytion* thus?

Celo. He never wou'd
Have given her this Cause: my Life, my Love,
My Fortune, my Obedience, all are yours;
But of my eternal Part, my deathless Fame,
I am the Mistress, and must here command.
True Sorrow only lives within the Heart,
And in our Actions best is understood:
Therefore my Virtue will allow no Mean—
I must renounce your Power, or share your Crimes.

Cleom. This Virtue which you senselessly affect,
Is a Plebeian Weakness in your Soul,
A poor degenerate Fear of what may be,
Which nobler Minds can never apprehend.

Celo.

The SPARTAN DAME. 21

Celo. My Lord! my Lord! I was not born to fear;

My Country places me above my Sex:

I am a *Spartan* born, I can know no Fears

But of Dishonour; and I wou'd be still

A Coward in those Fears.

Thel. Where will this end?

Celo. But you are pleas'd to tax me, in your Phrase,

Of a *Plebeian* Weakness: Sir, I scorn

A groveling Soul; I have a Mind as high,

As generously inspir'd with Royal Thoughts,

As enterprizing, great, and glorious,

As e'er Ambition prompted to a Crown.

Cleom. Give me but a Proof of this.

Celo. I will.

Cleom. I ask no more.

Celo. The highest Proof. Oh! were what you possess,

A Fortune nobly rais'd in the Defence

Of Rites insulted, or invaded Laws!

Your Crown, the Thanks of a free'd Peoples Love!

The Gift of vindicated Liberty!

A Wreath of Triumph over Tyranny!

The glorious Spoil of Arbitrary Power,

Wrested and torn from an Oppressor's Hand!

Oh! were it so deserv'd, and so bestow'd,

How could I dress that Brow, and deck my own!

What Plots, what Factions, what Conspiracies,

What impudent Rebellion should oppose

Your Title then! I have a Royal Soul

Wou'd throw me on my Fate, never to rest

Till I were in the Grave, or on the Throne.

Cleom. Exert that Royal Soul, let it still reign.

Celo. I will, and as I wou'd all Dangers undertake,

To share the Godlike Power of doing Good;

So from that sacred Right of Sovereignty,

I scorn the Privilege of doing Ill.

No

22 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

No generous Motive from the Publick Cause,
 But an Impulse of impotent Desire,
 The wandring Lust of a licentious Will,
 Has hurry'd you, to violate all Laws,
 Which stood between you and your impious Ends.
 'Tis therefore I abhor your Tyranny,
 That base-born Issue of unlawful Might!
 Begot upon the Fears of bad Mens Crimes,
 Or prostituted slavish Principles;
 Cradled in Infamy, and rear'd in Vice,
 Fatted with Feasts of undeserved Praise!
 Blown up with Flattery to a Giant Size
 Of Rapine, and oppressive Insolence,
 To trample down the Bounds of Property,
 And seize the common Birth-right, Liberty.
 This is the Monster Idol you set up,
 Which, in the Pride of Virtue, I despise,
 And in that Pride I go — But do not think
 You can be safe, you and your dark Designs
 Long cannot prosper; nay, by *Hercules*,
 The Father of our Empire, I hope they wo'not long:
 Nay, I myself will head my Country's Cause
 Against your Crimes — But Oh! the Conflict here!
 You judging Gods! whose Sentence has assign'd
 To wretched Mortals our proportion'd Share
 Of Labour, and our Recompence of Fame
 For Virtuous Actions, look in Pity on me:
 Compose this tost, this tempest-beaten Breast,
 With different Tides of swelling Woe oppress'd;
 By turns sustain the Daughter and the Wife,
 Or sink *Celona* in the glorious Strife. *[Exit.]*

Cleom. You wo'not leave me too?

Theb. I'll follow her, and bring her back.

Cleom. O! you may spare your pains.

Her Fury must have way; she's best alone,
 And we as well without her.

Theb. How, my Lord!

You do not speak your Thoughts, you cannot mean—

Cleom.

The SPARTAN DAME. 23

Cleom. I can mean only thee! All that thy
Pray'rs
Can ask of Heav'n, all that the Gods can grant
In answer of thy Wishes, all be thine:
Eternal Youth, an Ever-rising Spring
Of smiling Beauty, in its blushing Bloom,
Make thee the Pride and Wish of Hearts and Eyes:
All Joys, all Blessings, which long happy Years
Of Empire can bestow, I mean to thee.

Thel. Where wou'd this lead me?

Cleom. O! thou canst not be
So dull, *Thelamia*, not to apprehend
What this intends: I wou'd prepare thee thus
By soft degrees, gently engage thy Ear,
In favour of a Cause, which I must plead,
And thou must judge.

Thel. My Sentence will be mild.

Cleom. Indeed thy Looks are wondrous pitiful:
Thy Heart's a-kin to 'em.

Thel. I mean, my Lord,
I may prove partial, and pronounce for you,
As you're my King, and Brother.

Cleom. O that Word!
Wou'd I were more than that, or not so much.
That Brother is too cold: canst thou not find
A nearer Name? one nearer to thy Love,
That better can bespeak thee.

Thel. There is none;
No Name, in the Relation of our Blood,
Kindred, or Family, nearer ally'd
To our Affections, than a Brother is;
Husband is only more,

Cleom. And yet you see
I am forsaken: nay, *Thelamia*, you
Ev'n you're abandon'd by a Husband too.
Good Gods! what is this Marriage? that so soon
Depraves our Appetites, that thus prefers
Vile Things to pretious? It comes like Frost
Upon

24 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Upon a forward Spring : the Flower of Youth,
Wanton in gay Desires, here nipt, shrinks in
With all its Sweets, drooping the tender Head
Upon its Stalk, no worthier than a Weed.

Thel. You're merry, Sir, with our Condition.

Cleom. Who but a Husband ever cou'd persuade
His Heart to leave the Bosom of thy Love,
For any phlegmatick Design of State,
Of Life, or Fortune? But he's satisfied,
And I shou'd not complain : his Absence makes
Me room for my Desires —

Thel. Desires, my Lord !

Cleom. We are forsaken, but not quite forlorn,
Not destitute of Comfort : there remains
A Recompence —

Thel. A Recompence !

Cleom. Rich as my Hopes —

Thel. What Hopes?

Cleom. That seems intended by our very Fates,
Designingly removing every Bar,
To make our way to one another's Arms.
Why do you fly me?

Thel. O ! I now perceive my Ruin plain.

Cleom. What can you fear in me?

Thel. I am most miserable.

Cleom. How?

Thel. No more ;

I've heard too much : it was too great a Wrong
Ev'n to suspect my Virtue ; but to explain
Your guilty Thoughts, is such a Privilege
Your high Place only gives you : and from this
I fear a future Tyranny.

Cleom. Away !

My Thoughts, my every Word, my Actions,
Are Slaves to the Obedience of thy Will,
Nor can assume a Privilege from Pow'r
Of violating thee : but Want will speak,
And all my Want is Love.

Thel.

Thel. Call it not Love;
Coming from you, it has another Name;
Too horrid for the Ear. Were I that Wretch;
Were ev'ry Light extinguish'd in the Mind,
Which brightens Virtue, and shews Vice most foul;
Were I forsaken of all Sense of Good,
Abandon'd, and led captive to all Ill:
One, whose experienc'd Wickedness could prove
Adultery no Sin; yet, ev'n there,
Among the common Rout, you cou'd not hope:
Tho' I were fear'd against all other Sins,
Incest wou'd make me tremble: Sure it is
On this Side Hell known only in the Name:
A Reprobate so lost; there cannot be
So damn'd a Reprobate to act it, sure!

Cleom. Why, Madam, do you think I cou'd proceed
Thus far, upon this Subject, without Thought,
A serious judging Sense of Good and Ill?
I have a Soul like you, a Conscience too,
That apprehends the Terror of such Guilt;
With Fears as nice as yours; and, but I know
My loving you cannot be any Crime.—

Thel. I have a Refuge yet, a Dagger here. [*Aside.*]

Cleom. Brother, and Sister, are but Terms of Art,
Occasionally fashion'd to the Ends
Of Government; as Marriage is no more
Than a mere human Obligation;
Of no more Force than is ordain'd by Pow'r;
Which, as it ties the Knot, unties it too:
And I ordain it shall no longer bind.

Thel. O! Sir, consider.—

Cleom. All that you can say,
I have consider'd. I have curs'd my Fate,
But how does that avail me? Curs'd my self,
And the repented Rashness of my Youth,
Whose unadvising Folly gave me to
Your Sister's Bed, now surfeited and loath'd.

Thel. Can you repent your Marriage?

Cleom. Curses can't mend my Condition; yet I must
curse

Eurytion, all the World, that comes between
Me and my Joys in thee. But this is wild,
Quite from my Purpose, idly losing Time,
Whose precious Minutes, as they pass along,
May bring me Comforts: O! there can be none,
But in thy Arms; there I must find my Joys,
Or never find 'em. —

[*He pressing her, she draws a Dagger.*]

Thel. Find 'em in the Grave.

Cleom. A Dagger! arm'd against me!

Thel. Stir not a Step: I wear it for my self,
If you attempt me farther.

Cleom. Have a Care; You wonnot wound yourself?

Thel. A Thousand Wounds

This, as the Guard of Virtue, shall bestow,
Rather than leave me to your brutal Will,
The Murder of my Fame.

Cleom. This wonnot do:

I must try other Means. [*Aside.*]

Thel. I know I'm within your Pow'r, expos'd to
your wild Rage:

But Death's a Sanctuary from all Wrongs,
And that I can command.

Cleom. O! only die
The guilty Memory of what is past,
My Sin, and now my Shame.

Thel. Can you say so, and not repent?

Cleom. But you cannot forgive:
I can't forgive myself: I've done those Things
Which Pardon cannot reach.

Thel. If this be true —

Cleom. I cannot look upon that injur'd Face —
Now to dissemble well — without a Guilt,
That quite confounds me.

Thel.

Thel. May the Gods, whom you
Have injur'd most, forgive you.

Cleom. I have wrong'd you.

Thel. I freely pardon you.

Cleom. How have I slept! your Virtue only could
Restore me to myself: I tremble, now,
At the Apprehension of my Wickedness,
Of monstrous Size, and fearful to conceive.
But my Repentance sets all right again.
Sister, Farewel — this Victory is yours.

[Leads her to the Door

The next be mine, these Measures but begin,
What Love by Stratagem, or Force, must win. [Exit


The End of the Second ACT.





ACT III. SCENE I.

Agefilaus and Crites.

Agef.  HAT Way I have my Wish ; but
Celona ! she
 Confounds my Policy : What can
 she mean ?

Crit. What can she mean ? Why
 she speaks plain enough.

Agef. I apprehend the fatal Consequence,
 Tho' the King won't.

Crit. Alas ! Sir, he's employ'd
 In other Fears : Love takes up all his Time :
 But the sole Ministry of his Affairs,
 The State, you rule.

Agef. And I had fix'd it sure,
 Had not my Ambush for *Leonidas* been disappointed.

Crit. I should think, indeed, his Death were well
 resolv'd.

Agef. I have advis'd it often, but the King——
Crit. Dont trouble him.

When 'tis once done, he'll find that 'tis well done.

Agef. 'Tis certainly most necessary.

Crit.

Crit. If it be necessary, it is just;
And in just Things, sometimes to serve a Prince
Against his Will, is the best Loyalty.

Ages. Then 'tis our Duty, *Crites*?

Crit. Without Doubt;
And more than so, our own Security.

Ages. What's to be done? There's nothing to be done
Or thought on, where he is — cou'd we decoy
Him here to *Sparta* ———

Crit. That's impossible.

Ages. But how? What Means? What Arts?

Crit. O! there are none.

Ages. Then think not on't:
He must live on, if 'tis impossible
To bring him in our Pow'r.

Crit. Not quite impossible,
But very difficult.

Ages. Suppose you, you, methinks, might quickly
find
Pretences probable in his Affair, to draw him here.

Crit. What, Sir, if he were here?

Ages. Here he shou'd stay,
Murder'd as soon as enter'd.

Crit. Here's a Letter
Will speak what I have thought upon these Things.

Ages. 'Tis to *Leonidas*.

Crit. Pray read it.

SIR,

THE Gods declare upon your Side, in their Inspiration
of *Celona*, whose Virtue, confirm'd by me, has this
Night resolv'd the Murder of the Tyrant. Pray fail
not to head your Friends, who will be ready to serve you.

Ages. This cannot fail: *Crites.*
Her Carriage makes all easy to his Faith:
He will believe, and come.

Crit.

Crit. Come! he will come:
Not for those Reasons, which you apprehend,
And might invite another.

Ages. I cannot guess what you rely on—

Crit. This. I know the Niceness of his Virtue such,
That when the Letter tells him that his Daughter
Intends her Husband's Murder, he will fly,
To save her from the Sin.

Ages. He may resolve
To pardon her, and so not make such Haste.

Crit. O! You are wide of him: Not this Earth's
Rule

Could bribe him to consent to such a Crime,
Tho' far remov'd, and distant from his Blood;
But when so near him as a Daughter's Sin,
You need not doubt his Coming.

Ages. Have you said when he should come?

Crit. The Postscript says at Twelve.

Ages. It does, and it appoints your House the Place:
It is the fittest Place.

Crit. I'm unsuspected:
Give me but your Authority, and some
Convenient Villains, who dare do the Deed,
And he shall fall as soon as enter there.

Ages. This Letter must be sent.

Crit. Timæus will convey it speedily—
He waits without— [Goes to the Door, Timæus
takes the Letter.]

Ages. So, this will make all sure.

Crit. Fail not upon your Life.

Tim. My Life upon't. [Exit.]

Crit. I've order'd him to stay, just 'till he sees
Leonidas set forward, then to come
With his best Speed, and bring me certain Word.

Ages. You must attend—

Crit. Only a Love Affair,
Which happens luckily enough, and shall
To-Night employ the King.

Ages.

Agf. That will allow
Us Time for our Designs: I'm glad it thrives.

Crit. O! all goes very well.

Agf. He's coming forth:
When you're at Leisure, I must speak with you. *[Exit.*

Cleombrotus to Crites.

Cleom. Thou art the Life of Counsel!

It must be just as thou say'st.

Crit. Indeed, I think it best.

Cleom. Undoubtedly the best: And I must own
Myself ith' Wrong, as Passion always is,
So like a mad-brain'd Boy, to think of Force.

Crit. I must confess, a violent Remedy
In some despairing Points does very well;
When nothing else will do, 'tis well apply'd,
And then a Rape is necessary. But
Your Case is far from this: She's in your Pow'r,
And cannot 'scape you: Nay, I say agen,
She shannot, Sir; and when I thus declare,
You shall enjoy her any Way you please,
You wou'd not chuse a Violation.

Cleom. Thou art my Guide of Love.

Crit. This Way, that I propose,
Shall introduce you for *Eurytion*,
Give you a free Admission to her Bed,
Which you may satisfy as well as he.

Cleom. Then for his Care in coming unattended, in
the Dark——

Crit. Unknown of all but me, his faithful Friend.

Cleom. Makes still for us.

Crit. All Things must be remov'd
And silent to receive you.

Cleom. If she discover me——

Crit. Why, if she does——

Cleom. Wou'd it were come to that.

Crit. Sir, it shall come.

Cleom. I am impatient. *Crit.*

Crit. 'Tis too early, yet, and you must wait; there is, no Remedy.

Cleom. Then I must wait.

Crit. The Hour will soon arrive.

Cleom. Crites, withdraw with me — We must be nice

In every Circumstance of Place, and Time:

Those we'll agree within — This Service done,
My Thanks in thy Reward shall follow soon. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Bed-chamber.

Thelamia and Byzanthe

Thel. I pity thee, *Byzanthe*; thy Gayety
Has caught the Infection of my Company,
And thou art melancholy too.

Byz. I wish I cou'd divert you, Madam.

Thel. I thank thy Love, my Friend; 'tis growing late;

Yet, e'er I go to Bed, I'll try to read
An Hour away; it may deceive the Time.

Byz. Please you, I'll stay and wait.

Thel. — O! by no means:
I am too troublesome, but thou art kind.

[*Exit Byzanthe.*]

Thelamia sits down at a Table, and opens a Book.

Here I gave o'er — The Story seems distress'd:

How will it end! (*Reads*) *Tarquinius Sextus* then,

Pretending on a Journey, late at Night

Came to *Collatia*, where *Lucrece* was;

And breaking thro' all hospitable Laws,

At Midnight ravish'd her — O Villainy!

And most unhappy Lady! *Collatine*!

Where was her Husband then? — *Reads again* —

What

What do I read! a little farther on,
 My Author, in his Comment on the Fact,
 Says, 'twas her Husband's Absence ruin'd her.
 O fearful Apprehension! This is just
 The State of my Condition — The sad Tale
 May ominously represent my Fate
 In wrong'd *Lucretia* — I am helpless now,
 As she was then — My Husband absent too,
 As hers then was — nay, he has already dar'd
 To force the Modesty of my chaste Ears
 With the bold brutal Passion of his Love:
 And after that — But I have forgiv'n him that,
 And he repents — O! it is false and feign'd,
 Dissembled, to betray my Faith and me:
 Love never is repented, 'till enjoy'd —
 And he, perhaps, this Night, nay, now, resolves.
 He may be here already — Hark! Who's there?
 I dare not stay alone — *Byzantbe*! Where,
 Where are you?

Enter Byzantbe.

Byz. You're disorder'd much.

Thel. There's something in my Closet.

[*Byzantbe takes a Light, and examines.*]

Byz. Nothing here.

Thel. Pray, look again.

Byz. Only your Fancy, Madam.

Thel. I thought I heard a Noise.

Byz. Nothing has stirr'd,

Within your Hearing, since I left you last.

Thel. Where is your Husband?

Byz. Gone in some Affair relating to *Eurytion*.

Thel. O! he is a faithful honest Friend, wou'd he
 were here;

All our good Fortune does depend on him.

Byz. I think I hear him, Madam —

Thel. Welcome, welcome.

F

Enter

Enter Crites.

Crit. What, Madam, you have Leisure for a Book.

Thel. O! *Crites*, I have met the saddest Tale,
The Rape of *Lucrece* there ———

Crit. 'Tis famous in
The Roman Story; *Tarquin* ravish'd her.

Thel. The Circumstances are so near my Case ———

Crit. So near your Case!

Thel. In all but the sad End.

Crit. What can she mean!

[*Aside.*

Thel. Her Husband was from Home,
As mine is now, the wretched Cause of all.

Crit. Sure she suspects my Purpose.

[*Aside.*

Thel. When I think upon that Midnight Ravisher,
I reflect

Upon our Sex's Weakness, thus expos'd,
How easily we are betray'd, or sold, by any one in
Trust.

Crit. There cannot be such Villainy in Men.

Thel. There shou'd not, sure: Indeed, I was afraid;
But now I think myself securely safe
In thy kind Care.

Crit. I'm glad you think you are.

Byz. Have you no News for us?

Crit. Faith, I have been

In such a Conversation, scarce will please
In Repetition ——— Marriage was the Theme,
And my Companions its worst Enemies;
They forc'd me to my Heels.

Thel. What cou'd they say?

Byz. No Matter what they say.

Crit. By your good Leave,
These Men will be our Judges ——— We must stand
The Inquisition of their Raillery
On our Condition ——— As, to speak the Truth,
Nothing can 'scape their Jest: The Gods and Kings,
Manners

Manners and Men, Laws human and divine,
Must stand, or fall, just as they relish 'em.
He must not think it hard.

Thel. That do they say?

Byz. We need not doubt but Marriage has its Load
Of scandal in the Lewdness of their Mirth.

Crit. Why, first, they swear the Institution
Was never made in Heav'n.

Thel. That strikes Home.

Crit. That the malicious Roguery of Age,
Impos'd it first, a Penance on the Pride
Of lusty Youth, to keep their Bodies low,
Dull, constant Slaves to one tir'd fulsom Bed.

Byz. A Penance do they call it?

Thel. Pray, Sir, on.

Crit. That Love was ne'er consulted in the Law;
But that it stands enacted, and ordain'd
To these our Days, that only Interest
Of Fortune, or of Friends, should join our Hands,
No matter for our Hearts.

Thel. Wicked and Base!

Crit. Nay, when they once set out, they will go on.

Byz. They have gone far enough.

Thel. I'll hear no more.

Crit. Faith, Madam, you may hear a little more,
And not repent your Pains.

Thel. How is the Night?

Crit. Why there's a Question now, that brings me
Home,

Just to my Story's End.

Thel. That Question! Why?

Crit. 'Tis just about the Time.

Thel. What Time?

Perhaps you have some Tidings of my Lord.

Crit. I have indeed.

Thel. When will he come: I languish in the Thought
Of his Approach: O! Why art thou so long
In News so welcome? Prithee, tell me all;

36 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Say any Thing of him, that he is well;
Say that he comes.

Crit. If you would let me speak.

Thel. 'Tis that I would entreat.

Crit. Then he will come

In half an Hour, so he sends me Word.

You know his Pleasure is, his Coming shou'd
Be private, his own Servants not employ'd.

Thel. O! I obey in all. But how cou'dst thou
So long delay the Comfort of thy News?
But I forgive thee.

Crit. Madam, I must wait
Upon his Coming; you prepare for him,
And I'll convey him to you.

[*Exit.*

Thel. *Byzanthe*, I must require your Friendship:
Pray dispose

The Business of the Family, as you please,
Out of the Way; I wou'd have all remov'd;
He will observe our Care.

Byz. Leave that to me.

Thel. Whilst I prepare to entertain this Guest,
Lodge him in his own Mansion of my Breast,
And make him happy, as he makes me blest.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to a Street. Crites alone.

Crit. Thus far with Wind and Tide! Things are
dispos'd

Just to my Wish to carry on the Cheat.

Where is my Lover now? 'Tis just his Time —

He can't be far — I had forgot the Sign —

Not answer me? Nay, then he is not come —

Well, our Employment must have Patience.

Enter Eurytion.

Eury. What Sign was that?

Crit. O! You are punctual, Sir.

Eury.

Eury. Rather before my Time.

Crit. *Eurytion* here ! [Aside.

Indeed, my Lord, something before your Time :
I did not look for you.

Eury. How am I punctual then ?

Crit. Punctual, my Lord ?

Eury. Did you expect another ?

Crit. Yes, indeed, I did expect another, a good Friend,
Not such a Friend : I have my Scouts abroad,
And must be ready for 'em ; yet you come
As I cou'd wish, to warn you : Dangers, Sir,
Are every where : This is no Place ; retire,
You may be seen.

Eury. I'll follow thy Advice.

Crit. Go not in there.

Eury. My Safety must be here. [Exit.

Crit. What shall I do? Death ! Something must be
done. [Exit.

Cleombrotus enters.

Cleom. The Servants still are stirring in the House ;
I heard 'em talk : I'll take another Turn. [Exit.

Crites returns with Eurytion.

Crit. This House, you may be sure, Sir, wonnot
'scape

The strictest Search —

Eury. Not if so general.

Crit. Nor will be less suspected, being Yours.

Eury. Much more suspected.

Crites. But that Sign !

What cou'd it mean? So late about my Doors,
Just as I came to thee?

Crit. I heard it too. Wou'd you were Safe.

Eury. Well, *Crites*, I am gone.

Crit. The King will soon be there.

Eury.

38 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Eury. You'll follow me.

[*Exit.*]

Crit. When I've secur'd all here —
Unseasonable Husband! Fare thee well.
Why! what a 'Scape was this? At the same Time,
The very Place, so unexpectedly,
And just upon my Summons of another!
But he's remov'd — if he had seen his Life,
'Thad been impossible. That lucky Lye
Has sent him to my House, to wait the King
Leonidas — at Twelve I may expect him:
'Tis near Eleven now. *Cleombrotus*
Won't delay me long: For when he comes,
My Office only guides him to the Door,
And then to make all sure; I have prepar'd
A hearty Welcome for the good old King.

Enter Timæus.

Tim. The good old King!

Crit. *Timæus*, by thy Voice. Thou'rt come before
thy Time.

Tim. I come by your Command.

Crit. I said at Twelve.

Tim. You said that I should stay till he set forward.

Crit. Is he coming then?

Tim. I saw him mounted.

Crit. How attended?

Tim. Almost, Sir, alone.

Crit. He must be near.

Tim. He cannot be far off.

Eurytion, Sir, already is arriv'd.

Crit. Wait for me at my House. I'll follow thee.

[*Timæus Exit.*]

This is unlucky — there's no pausing now:

Thinking but loses Time: I must be gone.

Love must attend the Leisure of the State:

A single Fortune, this a Nation's Fate.

[*Going out, meets Cleombrotus.*]

Cleom.

Cleom. Who's this.

Crit. *Cleombrotus!*

Cleom. *Crites*, I think.

Crit. Still worse and worse

Cleom. Thou wert in Haste.

Crit. Imagine, Sir, the Cause.

Cleom. I know the Cause: I staid beyond my Time,
and thou wert going

To find me out, but I have spar'd thy Pains.

This is the Door: Now, my *Thelamia*! What!

Thou art uneasy still.

Crit. I beg you wou'd

Believe, that nothing, but a Certainty

Of my best Service to you, cou'd perswade me

To leave you now.

Cleom. How? *Crites*! At this Time! and call it
Service?

Crit. Nay, my Duty, Sir.

Cleom. No going, Man; thy Duty now lies here.

Crit. To Morrow will convince you.

Cleom. Thou art mad.

Am I not at the Entrance of my Joys?

Invited by thy own Appointment too?

Crit. But Accidents —

Cleom. There are in Fortune none:

I conquer her in my *Thelamia*.

Crit. To Morrow she shall be with Safety Yours.

Cleom. I wonnot trust to Morrow: Now is mine.

Crit. This will undo us all.

Cleom. No Words, but on.

Crit. Let me but speak —

Cleom. I will have no Excuse; show me the Way.

Crit. Hear but my Reasons first —

Cleom. Forward I say:

Consider who I am.

Crit. My royal Master.

Cleom. Then thy King commands.

Crit. I must be heard, and then —

Cleom.

Cleom. Is this a Time,
Thou sawcy Trifler, for Argument?

[*The two following Speeches are spoke together.*]

Crit. This is the Time, or I must never speak —
I wou'd conceal it from you, but there is
Now a Necessity of telling you —
Your Life, your Crown, your Empire are at Stake:
Leonidas, the banish'd King, is now
Within your Pow'r — If you wou'd save us all,
This is your Time; an Opportunity
Like this — you cannot hope —

Cleom. When Expectation rages in my Blood,
And shoots a thousand Fevers thro' my Veins? —
Is this a Time, thou Prater! — hence, be gone; —
Still he goes on, and louder in his Words! —
Not let me speak! This is an Insolence,
That never yet was offer'd to a King,
And shou'd be answer'd by a Dagger, thus.

[*As Cleombrotus offers to stab him, Crites stops, and bows.*]

Cleom. Impudent Slave! Open thy Lips again
Upon this Subject, this shall lock 'em fast,
As close and silent as the Jaws of Death.
Forward, and introduce me to her Arms,
And on thy Life stir not till my Return. [Exit.

Scene changes to Celona's Apartment.

Celona, Servant, and Leonidas.

Celo. One in Disguise! Some from *Leonidas*.
Admit him: Leave the Room — 'tis he himself!
Thus on my Knees, thus let me thank the Gods,
Who let me see you once again in *Sparta*.

Leon. *Celona*, rise; the Posture is too humble,
And misbecomes that haughty Excellence,
Which knows to form new Virtue, and wou'd shine
A Pattern to the uninstructed World.

Celo.

Celo. Indeed my Fate with intricate Misfortune
Has compass'd round my Virtue. Wife and Daughter!
Each different Duty shows a Precipice,
Where-e'er I turn my Eyes: But yet my Honour,
That steddily wou'd tread the narrow Path,
Looks with Contempt upon the pageant Greatness,
And most inclines where there is most Misfortune.

Leon. It may incline too much.

Celo. Too much it cannot.
You seem'd, and yet I wou'd not think you did,
You seem'd to tax the Conduct of my Virtue.
But yet that Power, who places such as me
In labouring Mazes of an anxious Fate,
Who damps the Joys of all our present Hours,
And pays us with the Promise of a Name,
Shall see that I submit to his Decrees,
(If I am mark'd for glorious Wretchedness)
To shine the Pattern of a Spartan Daughter.

Leon. That Fame's too narrow for a Spartan Princess,
Celonia too shou'd be a Spartan Wife.

Celo. Have I offended then?

Leon. Offended! O!
Thou in a Moment wou'dst deface those Trophies,
Which my laborious Ancestors, thro' Ages,
Toying for Fame, had pil'd up, Legacies
To their succeeding Sons.

Celo. High let 'em stand,
Admir'd Examples to less generous Man,
Till I by any Act disclaim their Blood.

Leon. When Guilt is in its Blush of Infancy,
It trembles in a Tendernefs of Shame,
And the first Eye that pierces thro' the Veil,
That hides the Secret, brings it to the Face,
But thine amazes me, and seems confirm'd,
Beyond Confusion bold, and dares the Light,
And the reproaching Horror of thy Father.

Celo. *Cleombrotus* would speak more tenderly,
And treat my Virtue, tho' his Enemy,
In a more gentle Way.

Leon. O! all you Ghosts!
You injur'd Spirits of my Ancestors!
Forbear a while to fire your tortur'd Son.
By all your Acts, which form'd my Youth to Honour,
You trust your Glory safely in my Hands;
Nor shall my Loyns defile your sacred Blood:
Give me but so much Respite in my Fury,
To justify the Rage of my Revenge,
To the Remains of Father in my Heart.
First, she shall triumph in her Crime, and show
A harden'd Soul, beyond forgiving damn'd,
And take her then, she falls your Sacrifice.

Celo. What dismal Resolution shakes you thus?
When I believe I understand your Words,
Some sudden Start, that contradicts my Thoughts,
Throws me in wild Amazement.

Leon. Ay, my Child! I will amaze thee, when I let
thee know

The tenderest Instance of a Father's Love:
For I have sav'd thy generous Hand the Blow,
A dangerous Task, and done the Work alone.

Celo. Alas! What Work! What Blow!

Leon. The giddy World,
Unequal Judges of exalted Honour,
Perhaps had blam'd thy Zeal: But now 'tis past:
Nor shall thy Fame be trusted to the Crowd:
Yet thou shalt triumph too: Thine was the Act,
My Arm inspir'd by thee.

Celo. What can you mean?

Leon. Canst thou not guess?

Celo. You more amaze me, Sir.

Leon. I tell thee then, my Heroine! This Night,
Pretending Secrets, and Intelligence,
I gain'd Admission to *Cleombrotus*;
Alone I found him, you may think the News

Celo.

Celo. Wou'd I were past all Thought. *[Aside.*

Leon. I sent this Steel with Tidings to his Heart:
Nor parted thence, 'till with repeated Wounds
I left the unpanting Villain on the Earth.

Celo. And this must be my triumph! Heav'n and Hell
Are reconcil'd, and join contending Pow'rs
To make my Ruin infamously sure.
I strove to aid my King, and save my Lord,
Yet now am call'd his Murderer, you Gods!
And bid to triumph in my Husband's Blood.

Leon. You seem disturb'd.

Celo. Was it for this, you Pow'rs!
I strove to keep the temperate Balance just,
Between my different Duties? 'Twas too much:
And you reserve those Heights of Excellence
To your unrival'd Heaven: I shou'd have been
Only a Wife, or Daughter: For you dash,
With Jealousy, attempting Virtue down,
That dares beyond your Limits to their Flesh.

Leon. I thought you would have prais'd me.

Celo. O, my Lord, I must not curse you.

Leon. What! For an Act you would have done
yourself?

Celo. I wou'd have done! Murder my Husband, Sir?

Leon. This very Night you had design'd his Death:
I know it all.

Celo. And I too much: But cou'd you think me such
A Monster, Sir? But, Oh! I find you do.

Leon. Why! Did he not deserve his Fate?

Celo. O, Sir! I grant he has deserv'd from Heav'n,
and you,

And all good Men, worse than you can inflict:
I have arraign'd and sentenc'd his Deserts:
And I must think the Gods but justify'd,
You honourably reveng'd, and good Mens Prayers
But justly answer'd in a Tyrant's Fall:

All this I think with you, and you were wrong'd:
But how was I? How has he injur'd me,

To make me capable of such a Sin, w I b u o w a d
 Barbarous, and yet without a Name in Hell, w
 As you imagine, Sir, I had design'd? w
 Is't not enough that I abhor his Crimes, w
 But I must be his Murderer? If the Gods, w
 And you, to clear my Fame, will have it so, w
 If I must strike at him, it must be here. — w

[Offers to stab herself.]

Leon. O Virtue! never to be found again! w
 Thy Husband lives. w
 Cleombrotus still lives. w

Forbear a Violence, that in thy Breast w
 Wou'd wound me deeper than thy Ponyard there. w
 I did but try thee: And in these Extreame w
 I find thee still sincere to all my Hopes, w
 Fixt to thy Virtue and thy Country's Fame, w
 Thy Sexes Glory, and my Daughter still, w
 A Spartan Daughter, and a Spartan Wife, w

Celo. Those Titles raise me. w

Leon. I have been abus'd, w
 And thou art innocent: This Letter read. w
 At Leisure: Crites knows what it designs, w
 He sent it, and I must suspect it now. w
 O guard, you Gods of Greece! my faithful Friends w
 From the destroying Arm of Treachery w
 Blunt the sharp Arrows which in Darkness fly: w
 Disclose the Midnight Arts, and break the Shares w
 Which fair fac'd Villany's false Heart prepares. w
 If in the Courts above it be decreed w
 A Sacrifice to Sparta's Peace should bleed, w
 On me, great Jupiter, on me alone w
 Hurl the collected Storm of Thunder down, w
 Bur in your Anger, from your threatening Sky w
 Regard me, cloath'd in decent Majesty, w
 Submissive to your Will, and resolute to die. w

[Exeunt.]

ACT

The same as the first



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Cleombrotus.

Cleom.



Hus far I'm undiscover'd. O frail
Flesh! Here let me fall forgotten
And Vanity of Fancy! My Desires,
Which mounted me above my mortal State,

Whose Rage, I thought, nothing but Age could tame,
How have they droopt the Wings? How are they sunk
Into the poor Concerns of Earth again?
Now, Crites, I can hear thee. Sure there is
Something extraordinary, as his Carriage was:
He does not use to contradict me: And,
If I remember right, I heard him speak
Something abruptly of *Leonidas*.
There may be Danger near: I must be gone:
Thelamia takes me for her Husband still:
I wonnot undeceive her, that may serve
To morrow Night, and I can stay till then —

Thelamia

Thelamia enters with a Light.

A Light ! She follows me.

Thel. O ! Do not find

A Trouble in my Love, which thus attends

In Duty now : Speak, and assure my Fears,

You are not angry with me : O my Lord !

I can forgive your stealing from my Bed,

Your Silence there, but not this Silence now.

What ! Turn away ! Nay, going from me too !

That must not be : This Hand, my Lord, is mine,

Nor can I part with it without a Look —

[He turns to her, she drops his Hand, shows her Surprise, by standing stupidly still a while without speaking; he offering to speak, she snatches at his Sword, draws it half out; failing in that, she throws herself into a Chair, in the most violent Passion of Grief.]

Thel. The Gods refuse me their Assistance too.

Here let me fall forgotten.

Cleom. Let me raise you.

Thel. Touch me not, Monster, thou hast sunk me down,

And can't not raise me —

Cleom. To my Bed and Throne.

Thel. Dishonour fill thy Bed, and Death thy Throne.

Cleom. That's an unkind Return.

Thel. Art thou not gone ? Thou hast accomplish'd

The fatal Ends of thy Design on me,

What wou'dst thou more ?

Cleom. I wou'd bring Comfort to you.

Thel. O thou Destroyer ! Fly, fly from my Eyes :

The sad Remains of my poor wretched Life

I wou'd employ in Sorrow for my Fate,

In Penitence, and Mercy to the World :

But while thou stand'st in View, I cannot weep :

My Eyes refuse the Comfort of their Tears

To my Misfortunes : All their Moisture feeds

The

The Passion in my Heart, which only can
Be eas'd by Curses on thee.

Cleom. Do not curse :

Or if you must, think where you shou'd begin.

Tbel. O! where begin, indeed! All, all deserve
Alike from me, the Gods and Fate, *Crites* and thou.

Cleom. The Gods, for making you thus heavenly fair,
And I, for loving you.

Tbel. Both have been my Curse.

Cleom. *Crites* and Fate were but my Instruments;
Those you have curs'd in me.

Tbel. That *Crites*! O!

How was he trusted! how has he betray'd!
But I myself am guilty of my Fall,
By a fond, fatal Ignorance abus'd,
And made th'Accomplice of my Ruin too.

Cleom. That fatal Ignorance, then, is your Excuse.

Tbel. O! there is none in Nature, no Excuse
For Crimes like mine: My Sister's Husband's — Oh!

Cleom. Be patient, Madam, there's your Remedy,
You have no other now.

Tbel. Yes, there is one
Revenge that wonnot fail me — While I live,
I must solicit that of Gods and Men;
And Earth or Heav'n will do me Justice, sure.

Cleom. I'll do you the best Justice; be advis'd,
And hear me calmly — What is done, is past,
Without your Crime: If it be any Crime,
'Tis so in me: But then 'tis such a Crime,
The Purchase of my Peace, and so belov'd,
I never can repent.

Tbel. O hardned Wretch!

Cleom. 'Tis yet a Secret: While you keep it so,
Your Husband is not wrong'd; or, if he be,
He, who has done it, can maintain the Wrong:
And then where's your Revenge!

Tbel. Art thou secure
In Wickedness? That Fool's Security
Shall

Shall be thy Ruin? When I have proclaim'd
To all the World, as, while I have Life, I will
Proclaim my Wrongs——

Cleom. Your Shame, your Infamy:
The World will call it so: And then you make
A Monster of your Husband.

Thel. O! Revenge, Revenge! thus, raving thro' the
Streets,

I'll cry for Vengeance on thee: All good Men,
Fathers, and Husbands, Brothers, Spartan born,
In the Defence and Cause of Chastity,
Will arm to save their Daughters, Sisters, Wives,
From my Dishonour in thy Tyranny;
And, forwarding the Justice of the Gods,
Will rise against thy execrable Deeds,
Level their Thunder at thy Life and Crown,
O'erturn thy Throne, and end thee in thy Crimes.

Cleom. 'Tis possible your Story may do Harm,
And therefore I'll prevent it.

Thel. Only Death shall silence it.

Cleom. Death silences at last. You see the Fortune of your present State,
That 'tis not to be mended by Complaints,
Yet you complain, and vow to be reveng'd.
If you continue obstinate, resolv'd
Not to be pacify'd, 'tis a hard Course;
But Nature does oblige me to provide
For my own Safety, and that is best secur'd
By your *Eurytion's* Death.

Thel. His Death!

Cleom. I have vow'd his Death.

Thel. What is his Crime? I do deserve to die!

Cleom. 'Tis Crime enough to be your Husband now.
I know his Disaffection only wants
A Cause, like this, to animate the Crowd;
And his Designs against my Reign, and me:
But that he shannot have: Out of a Sense
And Tenderneſs of you thus far I have
Withheld my Justice, which now you enforce:

Therefore resolve either to pardon me,
Or doom *Eurytion* dead. *Critus*, you know,
Can bring him in my Power: This is your Choice:
Think well upon't, I will walk by awhile.

Thel. Alas! what Choice! I have no Choice to
make:

My Ruin's certain: But *Eurytion*!
Can I resolve his Death? he has been wrong'd
Too much already: O! I never can
Resolve his Death ---- there is no other Way ----
Let me dissemble for a Husband's Life,
In such a Cause, in hopes of a Revenge.

Cleom. I wait your Answer, Madam, if you have
Consider'd well, I know you will forgive.

Thel. If I should not, it will avail me little.

Cleom. Little indeed avail.

Thel. Then my Revenge,
That will involve us all in other Crimes.

Cleom. In Blood, and Murder: There must be the
End.

Thel. O fearful Sounds! I would not be the Cause
Of Murder for this Earth.

Cleom. Then no Revenge.

Thel. Then no Revenge indeed. But O! my Shame,
My Infamy!

Cleom. That I'll secure you from:
And I can keep a Secret, when engag'd
By my own Interest; that's the certain Charm
Upon Mens Tongues: So you are sure of Mine.

Thel. I wish I could believe.

Cleom. I wish you could:
But to engage me deeper in my Trust,
I swear ----

Thel. By what?

Cleom. I would by this fair Hand.

Thel. Well, well, I must believe you.

Cleom. May I hope you have forgiven me?

Thel. Hope is in your Power.

50 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Cleom. Say but you have.

Thel. Not to say otherwise, is far enough at first.

Cleom. You mean it then?

Thel. You may interpret for me.

Cleom. Then I say, you have, or shou'd forgive me.

Thel. You may find my Meaning out hereafter:

For this time I wou'd be private.

Cleom. You will not say farewell?

Thel. To be alone.

Cleom. Then bid me go ---

Thel. Farewel.

Cleom. That Farewel bids me stay: but I must go. [exit.]

Thel. O! what a Part am I condemn'd to act,
To save my Husband's Life! my Husband! Oh!
I have no Husband: This foul Ravisher,
This Villain, Tyrant, Author of all Ills,
Divorces me for ever from my Lord:
Has rob'd me of the Honour of a Wife:
Nor am I worthy of that Title now,
Or any Name, but ---- Oh! let me here
Bury that Name, and all my Miferies:
Sink down beneath the Burden of my Woes,
Into my Grave, unmention'd, and unmourn'd,
Ne'er be remembred in my Story more,
To the Dishonour of my royal House,
Or Shame of virtuous Wives.

Celona and Byzanthe to her.

Byz. What do I hear?

Celo. Amazement of my Senses! can this be

Thelamia on the Earth! these Sorrows hers!

Byz. She minds you not.

Celo. O! 'tis *Celona* speaks, thy tender, loving Sister.

Byz. See, that Name raises her Head a little.

Celo. Now thy Tears

Flow faster than before. O you good Gods!

Instruct

The SPARTAN DAME. 51

Instruct me to redress, or comfort her.
Nay, I intreat thee, do not smother thus
Thy Grievs with Groans, but give thy Passion Words:
They will unload the Burden of thy Heart,
If they do nothing more: *Byzanthe*, help,
Help me to raise her.

Thel. O! you misemploy
Your Charity on a Wretch, whom all the Gods
Concurring in their Blessings, with your Means
To bring me comfort, never can restore
To Happiness.

Celo. O you malicious Stars!
I thought my Fortunes might have satisfied
For our whole Family: You shou'd your Pow'r
Enough in me: You might have spar'd her Peace:
But now where will you end? O! Sister, say,
Speak to me, tell me, can there be a Cause
Of this Distress?

Thel. There is a wretched Cause:
Believe it such, and seek to know no more.

Celo. I'll help you to support ---

Thel. The Load will sink us both.

Celo. Then we shall fall together. Come, the Cause?
I have a Sister's Title, and a Friend's,
That wonnot be deny'd --- nay, no more Tears,
But tell me.

Thel. I can't speak ---

Celo. Away.

Thel. To any but a Sister.

Celo. Pray withdraw. [*Byzanthe goes out*]

Now tell your Grievs, none but a Sister hears.

Thel. And now I dare not: Oh! enquire no more:
Tho' 'tis most fit my Grievs shou'd be reveal'd,
'Tis most unfit they be reveal'd to you.

Celo. If they relate to me, I am prepar'd,
Give 'em a Tongue.

Thel. You'll curse it, when it speaks --- *Cleombrotus* ---

Celo. My Husband?

52 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Thel. Monster of Men.

Celo. Indeed his Practices have well deserv'd
To be thus treated : But, *Thelamia*, I
Have not deserv'd to hear you call him so.
If he has made you wretched, I am made
Unhappy too : If in a Husband's loss,
I've lost him too : Equal in all your Grievs.

Thel. O ! yet there is a Grief beyond all these !
A Loss, beyond my Father, Husband, Life :
You wonnot understand - - -

Celo. The Gods protect the Honour of our House.

Thel. 'Tis false in me :
I am abus'd, dishonour'd, and undone !

Celo. O ! for a Thunder-bolt, the Arm of *Jove*
To execute the Vengeance of my Heart
Upon the Ravisher.

Thel. Cleombrotus.

Celo. Again *Cleombrotus* ! O ! have a care,
This is a Subject, that concerns my Peace,
Near as my Father's Cause : Therefore no more.
I know thou hast been wrong'd, I see it plain :
The Marks of Ruin blush upon thee still :
And thy great Grievs perhaps have turn'd thy Brain :
It must be so : For thou art mad indeed,
To say *Cleombrotus* cou'd use thee thus.

Thel. This only cou'd remain to make me yet
More miserable : If my Injuries
Be of that monstrous Growth above Belief,
How shall I bear 'em ? But they sink me down,
And this must ease me,

[*Going to stab herself.*]

Celo.

The SPARTAN DAME. 53

Celo. O! Sister, hold!

Thel. I said before, you were
Unfit to hear the Secret of my Fate:
Yet you would hear, and wonnot now believe.

Celo. Wou'd I cou'd not believe: but Oh! I find
A Fear in every Thought, that makes me shake,
In Apprehension of the fatal Truth:
And now each trifling Circumstance appears
In Evidence against him: O! 'tis plain:
I had forgot I met him at the Door,
Just as I enter'd here: There needs no Proof.
Monster of Men indeed! and Tyrant now!
Here I confess the Weakness of my Sex,
Defenceless quite against a Stroak like this:
And my full Heart can only speak in Tears.

Leonidas enters to 'em.

Leon. My Children weeping both!
This is a Sight will make me old indeed.
Speak one of you, inform me of the Cause:
Celona, Oh! it must be bad indeed
That thus can conquer thee. *Thelamia,* thou
Art going: O! I dare not bid thee stay,
Nor ask the Reason of thy parting thus:
But thy Disorder and Confusion show
Thee most concern'd. — [*Exit. Thelamia.*]

Celo. There is no saying who
Is most concern'd: If I may judge the Cause,
I'm injur'd most, tho' 'tis a Wrong to all:
Nay, Sir, be you the Judge, but Age can't know
The Pangs of slighted Love; therefore no Judge
Of my Condition. O! to be despis'd!
Is such a Thought! it strangles Patience.

Leon.

54 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Leon. Why this is Madness, Child.

Celo. What! at my Years forsaken! had I been
Ugly or old, mismatcht to my Desires,
My natural Defects had taught me then,
In a tame Expectation of my Fate,
To sit me down contented: But to be
Thrown off, abandon'd, for a Sister too!
O monstrous Love indeed! what such a Sin,
As Incest could not tame.

Leon. What say'st thou? ha!

Celo. Thus violated, forc'd, and thus abus'd,
She stands acquitted to the judging World,
And Death, or a Revenge, redeems her Fame.
But I must stand the Shot of every Tongue,
The Censure and the Jest of laughing Fools:
Be pointed at for the forsaken thing,
Forsaken for a Sister!

Leon. Yet again thy Sister! speak.

Celo. O! yes, while I can speak.

Leon. *Thelamia* forc'd!

Celo. Forc'd by *Cleombrotus*.

Leon. Incestuous Tyrant! Plagues of every kind,
Long studied, and stor'd up by Wrath divine,
For the Revenge, and Fate of such bad Men,
Fall thick upon his Head: But O! he sins
Beyond my Curses now, and only Hell,
All Hell can do him Justice — Had the Gods
Thought fit to exercise my Patience,
Stript me of all the Comforts of this Life,
My Friends, my Hopes, ev'n to my very self —
But here my Age gives way, here I must own
The Frailty of a Man surpriz'd, unarm'd,
Unguarded, naked to this stunning Blow,
That drives me to the Earth a weak old Man.

Celo. O Misery on Misery!

Leon.

The SPARTAN DAME. 55

Leon. Away!

Tears are thy Sexes Comforts, I must find
Mine in Revenge.

Celo. Revenge!

Leon. Revenge for thee

Thy Sister, and us all. O! I have been
Assisting to this Ruine: Had my Ears
Been open to the Counsels of my Friends,
This might have been undone: but it is done,
And now must be reveng'd?

Celo. O! Sir, forbear a while.

Leon. No time so fit for my Designs.

Celo. But hear me.

Leon. Passion has no Ears.

Or if I did, Words cannot alter me. [Exit.]

Celo. Alas! my Woman's Weakness has undone
All that my Virtue had so long preserv'd;
Now I too late perceive the Consequence:
How fatal this Discovery must be
To my *Cleombrotus*! for he is mine,
My Husband still, however base and false.
Tho' I am wrong'd in the most tender Part,
Most sensible of Pain, I am his Wife;
That is the Character I must maintain:
But to preserve it — something I must do,
But what, or how, the Gods yet only know. [Exit.]

She goes out, Crites passing over the Stage.

Crit. All that I could of Moment I have learnt;
But when the Husband follows at my Heels,
'Tis time to vanish: I have done my do
At Chamber-practice, and must shift the Scene.

He

56 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

He goes out, Eurytion enters.

Eury. I meet with nothing but Distraction
Thro' all the House ; my Servants fly the Room
Still as I enter it, as each were loth
To be the first in some unwelcome News :
Ev'n *Crites* shuns me too ; something there is ---
I wonnot think the worst : Heav'n guard the King,
And my *Thelamia* : if either be concern'd,
'Twill be too soon to know, when I must know ;
Till then I would not guess : But here's the King,
And half my Fears are vain.

Leonidas enters.

Leon. The other half ? who is your Fear ?

Eury. O ! you may guess, my Wife.

Leon. This is no time for Wives.

Eury. No time, indeed, if your Employment call
me.

Leon. Then no time ;
For I have Business for thee.

Eury. Sir, speak on.
'Tho' I should starve the Youth of my Desires,
And come but old to her expecting Arms,
The bare Reflection of my Loyalty
Shall make amends for all my loss of Love.

Leon. Have thy Reward, and hear me : thou art
rash,
And must be prefac'd into Government,
And Temper of those Passions, which would rise
Against my Reasons, and undo us all.

Eury. Sir, I am calm.

Leon. Then know I have this Night
Resolv'd to undertake the publick Cause ----

Eury.

The SPARTAN DAME. 57

Eury. Heav'n prosper the Resolve.

Leon. What all my Friends
With honest, weary Counsels cou'd not gain,
The general Wrongs have forc'd.

Eury. The general Wrongs are then our Friends----

Leon. O! the worst Enemies to thee, and me:
Thine is the general Wrong ---- *Thelamia* ----

Eury. My Wife! what, Sir, of her?

Leon. Are you a Man?

Eury. Talk'd you of Wrongs, and her?
I am a Man indeed, to hear them join'd,
Yet hold my Reason still: But, Sir, be quick!
I cannot promise you, it can be long
That I shall hear you: Madness will ensue
The bate Imagination of her Wrongs,
And hurry me upon some wild Attempt,
Which my Repentance never can repair!
O! therefore tell me all.

Leon. Then hear me all ---- *Cleombrotus* ----

Eury. *Cleombrotus*!

Leon. Soon as he found
Your Absence, made his way, beyond all Sense
Of Nature, Gods, or Men, in brutal Rage,
Pursu'd *Thelamia* with his monstrous Love.

Eury. My Wife!

Leon. My Daughter, and thy virtuous Wife.

Eury. Then she is virtuous. O! the infernal Fiend!
It went no farther? ha! it cou'd not, Sir,
For *Critus* was her Guard.

Leon. He, he betray'd both her, and all.

Eury. O Villain, bred in Hell!
Has he betray'd us? But it ended there?
O! answer the Impatience of my Fears:
They cou'd not sure proceed?

Leon. Still more resolv'd, and bolder still ----

Eury. Where will my hurrying Fate?

58 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Leon. Forsaken thus of every friendly Help,
And nothing but her Virtue her Retreat,
To save her from those savage, threaten'g Wrongs,
She swallow'd Poison —

Eury. O too cruel Gods!

Leon. And so expir'd.

Eury. 'Tis too much for Life.

Eurytion seems stun'd, and dozes.

Leon. Nay, then he is prepar'd to know the worst—
Thelamia——

Goes to the Door, and brings Thelamia in a Veil, by degrees, to the middle of the Stage.

Eury. O! that Name!

• *Leon.* Come forth, my Child.

Eury. Cou'd it awaken Death, as it does me,
My Cheeks shou'd burst with the repeated Sound:
O! how could I invoke the Rivers, Springs,
Vallies, and Hills, Dales, Rocks, and vocal Groves,
With all their splitting Echo's, to my aid?
Nay, from the stormy Quarters of the Sky,
Conjure the Winds, charm e'en the violent North,
Who, in the tempest of his boistrous Voice,
Should summon my *Thelamia* back again.
But, oh! the Tyrant, deaf to all my Cries,
Hears not my Summons, folds her beauteous Limbs
In his cold Arms, as he wou'd grow one piece
Of Earth with her, and I but rage in vain —

Turning, he sees her, and starts.

Have then the Gods restor'd her to my Prayers!
It must be she O! satisfy the Fears,

If

The SPARTAN DAME. 59

If possible, of every Sense at once:
I wou'd be all convinc'd.

Leon. She lives in Death a Life of Misery.

Eury. Not speak to me! what! not one Look!

Leon. O! the black Hand of Fate
Has drawn that Curtain to conceal her Wrongs——

Eury. I find 'em now, worse than a thousand
Deaths.

Leon. But they will burst, like Lightning, from that
Cloud,

And blaze a Day of Horror in revenge.

Eury. Speed it, you Gods! tho' it be Nature's last.
Revenge her Wrongs! Here I devote my Days
To Blood, and Vengeance. [Kneels.]

Leon. Vengeance stays for us,
Stalking impatient thro' our frightened Streets,
Our Friends united too, to push it on.

Eury. She's going.

Leon. O! thou Captain of our Cause!
We follow thee thro' all the Paths of Death.

Eury. The Sword from thy foul Wrongs shall never
part,
Till stab'd, and bury'd in the Tyrant's Heart.

[Exeunt.]





ACT. V. SCENE I.

The Outside of a Temple.

Leonidas, Lyfander, Zenocles, and People.

Leon. **T**HE Gods propitious combat on
our Side,
The People animated in this Cause,
To break their Yoke, and vindicate
their Wrongs.

Eurytion to them, with Gentlemen and Guards.

Eury. Hither the Chace hasted us : The vile herd
Routed, and scatter'd.

Leon. With the Morning-dawn
They, and their Leaders fall into our Hands.

Eury. Confounded in the Desert of the Night,
Let 'em brood o're the Terrors of their Guilt,
To wait the coming Vengeance of the Day.

Zen. The Passies are secur'd.

Lyf. None can escape.

Leon. Cleombrotus has here immur'd himself

The SPARTAN DAME. 61

In Neptune's Temple - - - -

Lyf. Garrison'd, and man'd,

In bold Defiance of the Gods themselves.

Cleombrotus and Crites on the Walls.

Cleom. Who name the Gods, and yet with impious
Hands

Come arm'd against their Temple?

Eury. Monster! thou,

Thou hast polluted it into a Den
Of foulest Villany, of Lust, and Blood.

Cleom. Do not you make it so, it yet is pure.

Eury. Art thou there, *Crites*? hang upon him still,
And weigh him down to sure Perdition.

Cleom. But who art thou? that I descend to thee:
Leonidas I speak to, once a King,
Thou dost usurp the Shadow of the Night,
To pass thy faded Glory on the State,
And hast surpriz'd a Midnight Victory
O're frighted Citizens, and sleeping Laws;
Which will awake, rouse, and exert their Force,
In the Defence of their insulted King,
To drive thee out again to Banishment.

Leon. Mistaken Wretch! thy Subjects are no more:
The Laws remain, and gladly live for thee,
Their Tyrant once; they are thy Judges now:
Therefore surrender up thy self to them,
And save us from the Mischief of more Crimes.

Lyf. This is your last Retreat.

Zen. Which will be forc'd.

Cleom. Then here I stand my Fortune - - - -

Eury. Push it on.

Leonidas,

62 *The* SPARTAN DAME.

Leonidas, &c. coming forwards on the Stage.

Cleom. Now, *Crites*, now pursue thy own Advice.
Thou tremblest! ha! thou shouldst have fear'd before,
In time have fear'd, fear'd to have done the ill,
Not fear to suffer for it, being done.

Crit. If it should not succeed - - - -

Cleom. Why then thou feel'st
The worst already that can follow it - - - -

Crites retires.

All is at stake, but there is yet a Chance
That promises, and may rise fair for us.

Eury. While you prepare th' Attack upon the Gate,
And keep 'em busie to defend this Side,
I have my Pioneers at work unseen,
To dig their Graves, and bury 'em in Ruin. [*Goes out*]

*Leonidas, and his Party advance to the Gate, in order to
break it open.*

Leon. Abandon'd of all Good! the Gods refuse
Their Sanctuary to such Villanies,
And give thee up devoted. Fall on then,
And force the Gate.

Cleom. Yet hold, *Leonidas*,
Look up, I have an Offer yet to make - - - -

Leon. Be quick.

Cleom. 'Tis this - - - -

Euphemia

Euphemia on the Walls.

A Daughter to present to you.

Leon. My Child! *Euphemia!*

Cleom. Draw off your Men:

For the first Violence to force the Gate,
Shall send her to you from the Battlements.

Leon. I plac'd thee in *Diana's* sacred Train,
To shelter thee from my tempestuous Fate.

Cleom. And I remov'd her, by the wise Advice
Of honest *Crites*, my best Counsellor,
To shelter me from this impending Storm.

Leon. O! What is all our Foresight? You just Gods!

Cleom. Nay, no Expostulations with the Gods:
They have declared for us in the Success.
Nor will a thundring Tale of Sacrilege
Beat down these Walls, or gain an Outwork here.
Therefore to cut off Time, you must resolve
To give up all Advantages you've gain'd,
Disperse your Faction, and withdraw your Friends,
And you retire from *Sparta* instantly,
Or see this Daughter of your Age, so lov'd,
So innocent, first ravish'd by my Slaves,
And murder'd next to close the guilty Scene.

Leon. O you great Gods! determine for me now.

Cleom. Do you determine, for the Choice is yours.

Euph. O my Great Father! 'twere Impiety
Beyond his Crimes, to think the heavenly Powers
Can suffer what he only dares to name.
Pursue your injur'd Cause, your just Revenge,
Nor lose a Moment in the Dread of me.
Therefore again resign me to the Gods,
The tutelary Parents of the Weak,
Who can disarm the Proud in his own Strength.
There is a Hand unseen, a Shield to me.

Cleom.

64 *The SPARTAN DAMSEL*

Cleom. Many I have to execute my Will.

Leonidas, again I summon thee.

What I have done, is a convincing Proof

I will do more; that I am resolute

To every Deed, my Safety, or Revenge

Solicits me: And I will make short Work,

Give her my Slaves, and drag her to her Fate.

Leon. Hold, hold, the Gods dispose of me, and mine.

The Father gives his all to save the Child:

Unstain'd restore her to my trembling Hand,

And I renounce my Pow'r, resign my Crown,

Disband my Friends; or if you would have more,

It shall be done: See, they are going, Sir.

O my kind Friends! a long, a last farewell.

Afford me but *Euphemia*, that Support

Of my declining Age, and I am gone,

Never, O! never to see *Sparta* more.

Shouts in the Temple.

Crit. What Shouts are those?

Cleom. In thy cold Fit again.

Lys. The Gods begin to thunder from their Shrines.

Mandrocles above to *Cleombrotus*.

Cleom. What is thy News?

Man. The Temple is surpriz'd.

Crit. Surpriz'd!

Cleom. Impossible!

Man. *Eurytion* is at the Head of the bold Enterprize,
And is already enter'd.

Cleom. Enter'd too?

Zen. Our brave Deliverer!

[*Below.*]

Crit. What will become of me?

Cleom. How got he Entrance?

Man.

The SPARTAN DAME. 65

Man. Thro' Vaults, and secret Passes under Ground,
Discover'd by the Priests.

Cleom. I am betray'd.

Man. They say you are betray'd,
Betray'd by Crites.

Cleom. How!

Crit. Betray'd by me!

Man. For there are Orders given to save his Life.

Cleom. To save his Life!

Man. The Priest, who does preside,
Is of his Blood, and shew'd your Foes the way,
Upon that Promise.

Cleom. Thus I make it good—

Seizing Crites by the Throat.

Villain! Betrayer! thou hast brought me here
To the Gulph's Mouth, and dost thou plunge me
(down?

But thou shalt try the Leap—'tis a just Thought—

If thou hast kindred Devils in the Air

To break thy Fall, the Priest may thank 'em for't.

Seize him, take, hoist him up, break off his Hold,

And toss him headlong from the Temple's Wall.

Crit. O, save me, save me, kill me by the Sword.

*Crites thrown down, they gather about the Body, and drag
it off.*

Cleom. Down with him, there he lies, I follow next,
Upward, or downward, 'tis indifferent. [Exit]

Leon. Drag off the Carcass, cast it out expos'd,
The Food of Dogs—

Zen. Vulturs, and Wolves his Grave.

Shouts, and Noise ~~of~~ *Fighting in the Temple.*

Leon. Hark, we are call'd.

66 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Lys. They are engag'd.

Leon. Be quick.

Fly, fly to the Assistance of our Friends;
Employ your Crows of Iron, Leavers, Beams
Against the Gate----

They attack the Gate.

Zen. Dig its Foundations up.

Lys. Spare nothing in your way.

Leon. With heaving Force,
Wrench the compacted Joints of the strong Pile:
O! for the battering Ram with armed Head
To tumble down all Opposition.

Zen. Bravely, bravely done.

Lys. See, it gives way.

Leon. Another Tug unlocks the griping Hinge.

Lys. It bursts, it flies.

Leon. Now follow for the Crown
Of all your Pains.

They force open the Gate, and enter. Shouts again, and noise of Fighting continued, till the Scene draws, and shows the inside of the Temple. Eurytion gives ground to Cleombrotus, and his Party, but is join'd by Leonidas, and his; then they drive Cleombrotus to the Front of the Stage, and take him Prisoner, his Party fight off the Stage.

Leon. Pursue, Eurytion, let 'em not have Breath
To rally, but cut off their latest Hope.

Eurytion goes out with his Party.

After this Mercy of Deliverance,
O! never may the Innocent despair!

Lys.

Lys. This Beast of Prey, this bloody Wolf at last
Is hamper'd in the Toyl.

Leon. Bring him along—

Celona kneeling at the Door.

Ha! is it thus, *Celona*, thou dost greet,
Thus hail thy Father's Safety, and Success?

Celo. O! for my Father's Safety, and Success,
I kiss the Earth in Adoration

Of the just Gods; dejected, humbled thus,
In this poor suppliant State, they have beheld
Me often on my weary'd Knees for you,
And they have heard my Vows; left me no more
To ask of them: They have preserv'd, preserv'd,
And re-enthron'd you in their Mercy's Seat,
Their great Vicegerent, now a God to me.

Leon. Thy Father ever, rise, *Celona*, rise.

Celo. 'Tis to that Father then I do appeal,
Not to the Judge: O! I give up my Cause,
Condemn'd, and sentenc'd; and I wonnot move
A Word in the Defence of that bad Man,
A Burthen to the Earth with all his Crimes.

But O! remember, Sir, I am his Wife—

Leon. Forget him, most unworthy of thy Care.

Celo. Instructed in that Duty, taught by you,
Ty'd to his Fortune, wedded to his Fate,
To bear a Part in all his Weal, or Woe:
O! therefore, if you would defend my Fame,
My Virtue, which your Precepts first inspir'd,
Let me not leave him in Extremity:
If you wou'd save your sinking Daughter's Peace,
Bestow her Husband's Life, grant it to me
Forfeited, dead already to the Laws,
Sparta renounces him: Then drive him out
To reprobated Exile round the World,
A Cative, Vagabond, abhor'd, accurs'd,

68 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Most miserable in a hated Life.
I ask but for a change of Punishment,
More exquisite, and sharp : Revenge itself
Should grant me that. O ! only spare these Eyes
The murd'ring Object of a Husband's Death.

Leon. Defend me, shield me. See *Thelamia* comes--

Thelamia enters on the other side, veil'd, with a Bowl in her Hand, as drunk off.

To tear me from thee-- [Goes to her.]

O ! that Posture pleads
More than a thousand Tongues : This fatal Bowl
Is drain'd, and empty'd of its Poison now ;
A cordial Draught, and thou art happy, Child ;
The Gaul of Bitterness is left for me.
'Tis with the sharpest Conflict of my Soul
My Bowels are distracted in the Love
Of my unhappy Children.

Eurytion enters.

Eury. Your Enemies are prostrate at your Feet ;
And Mercy may become the Conqueror :
But Vengeance is the injur'd Husband's Right,
Thus with strong Hand I seize, and make it mine.
[Stabs Cleombrotus.]

Celo. He's gone.

Leon. His Crimes be bury'd in his Death.

Thel. The Voice of Vengeance in my dying Ear
Is sweeter than the Songs of happy Life.

Eury. Talk not of dying.

Thel. O ! I only liv'd
To hear I am reveng'd, reveng'd by you.

Eury.

Eury. Look up, and feed thy famish'd Eyes with Blood.

Leon. Remove the fatal Object from our Sight.

Celo. And me for ever from a hated World.

The Body carry'd off.

Thel. Yes, once again I lift my faded Eyes
For a last Look of my *Eurytion*,
To feed 'em at the Fountain of thy Light,
And fill me with thy Image, then to close 'em
In lasting Night.

Eury. Thou art going.

Thel. Lead me hence

From this infected Air: My Spirit shrinks,
And cannot mount in the same Sky with him.
Let me not fall an Outcast of thy House,
Nor in my Ruin lose the Name of Wife;
Preserve *Thelamia* in thy Memory,
Who liv'd for thee, and for thy Loss could die.

Eurytion leads her off.

Leon. The Dead are past our Care.

Celo. Past all their Care.

Leon. Be comforted, *Celona*.

Celo. I was born

To be unhappy, and I have my Lot,
This is the Portion was reserv'd for me,
Unhappy in the dearest Names of Love,
A Wife, and Daughter, and I am past the Care,
The miserable Care of Comfort now.

Yet I will bear this wretched load of Life,
But far remov'd, and shut out from the World,
No more to be remember'd in my Wrongs.

Leon. Thou wilt not leave thy Father?

Celo. I am gone already, Sir.

Leon.

Leon. Forfake his hopeless Age?

Celona goes to Euphemia, brings her forward to Leonidas.

Celo. The Gods are present to you, and have sent This Blessing yet in store to raise your Hopes.

Leon. My Child! I had forgot thee in the Crowd Of busy Fate. O! do I hold thee safe! The Gods have been thy Guard, and my Support.

Celo. And be they ever so, The Winter's Rage, That tore your Branches from the bleeding Trunk, Is now succeeded by the healing Spring, To stanch its Wounds, and make it sprout anew. Receive her, as that welcome Spring of Life, Pregnant of future Blessings for the World, To rise in Comforts on a Father's Age. Her teeming Virtues shall enrich this Land, With the most worthy Progeny of Kings, A long Posterity of happy Times.

Euphemia is the Promise of the Year, A golden Harvest rising to your Hopes: O! be that Promise every Year renew'd, And in its circling Plenty be fulfill'd! So shall her gentle Influence cheer Mankind, And ripen this into an Age of Gold. Saturnian Days may then again return, And e'en *Celona's* Griefs forget to mourn.

Leon. The guilty Wretch so does the Thunder tear: The Innocent, involv'd by being near, Are blasted, and the Spreading Ruin share.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY

Major Richardson Pack.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

OUR Author's Muse a num'rous Issue
(boasts,
And many of the Daughters have been
(Toasts,

She who now last appears upon the Stage,
(The Hopes and Joy of his declining Age)

With modest Fears, a cens'ring World to shun,
Retir'd awhile, and liv'd conceal'd a Nun:

At length, releas'd from that Restraint, the Dame
Trusts to the Town her Fortune, and her Fame.

Absence, and Time, have lost her many Friends,
But this bright Circle makes her large Amends.

To You, Fair Judges, she submits her Cause;

Nor doubts, if You approve, the Mens Applause.

Some sullen formal Rogue perhaps may lour,

(Rebel to Female, as to Royal Pow'r)

But all the Gay, the Gallant, and the Great,

On Beauty's Standard with Ambition wait.

Glory is vain, where Love has had no Part:

The Post of Honour is a Woman's Heart.

Even Chains are Ornaments, that You bestow;

The more your Slaves, the prouder still We grow.

Man, a rough Creature, savage-form'd and rude,

By You to gentler Manners is subdu'd:

In

THE EPILOGUE

*In the sweet Habitude we grow refin'd,
And polish Strength with Elegance of Mind.
Our Sex may represent the bolder Pow'rs;
The Graces, Muses, and the Virtues, Yours.*

*But ah! 'tis Pity, that for want of Care,
Madmen and Fops your Bounty sometimes share,
Wretches in Wit's Despight and Nature's born,
Beneath your Favour, nay, below your Scorn.
May poor CELONA's Wrongs a Warning prove,
And teach the Fair with Dignity to Love.
Let Wealth ne'er tempt you to abandon Sense;
Nor Knaves seduce you with their grave Pretence.
Be vile Profaneness ever in Disgrace;
And Vice abhor'd, as Treacherous, and Base.
Revere Yourself; and, Conscious of your Charms,
Receive no Daemon to an Angel's Arms.
Success can then alone your Vows attend,
When Worth's the Motive, Constancy the End.*

Just publish'd, printed for W. Cherwood and T. Jauncy.

THE Voyages, Travels, and dangerous Adventures of
Captain Richard Falconer. Containing the Laws,
Customs and Manners of the Indians, in several Parts of
America. His Shipwrecks, his being left on Shore on the
Island of Dominica, where, to save his Life, he was oblig'd
to marry an Indian Wife. His narrow Escape from thence.
Intermixt with the Voyages of Thomas Randal, a West-Indian
Pilot. His being cast away in the Baltick, being the only
Man sav'd upon an uninhabitable Island; and his miraculous
Escape from thence in a Boat that by good Providence was
thrown on Shore. Price bound 5 s.

*Ximena, or the Heroick Daughter, a Tragedy. Written by
Mr. Cibber, and Dedicated to Sir Richard Steele. Price 1 s. 6 d.
There are a few printed on Imperial Paper and gilt on the
Leaves. Prices 2 s. 6 d.*